THE CHRONICLES OF DAWNHOPE

THE STORY OF AN UP-TO-DATE PUBLIC SCHOOL

BY
G. F.
BRADBY

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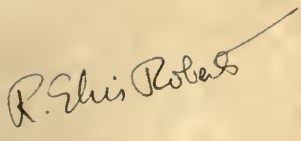
R. Ellis Roberts

THE CHRONICLES OF DAWNHOPE

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He was affable & approachable
to the humblest and most
timid of his parents

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THE CHRONICLES OF DAWNHOPE

BY

G. F. BRADBY

AUTHOR OF "THE LANCHESTER TRADITION," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBIN

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN. 1921.

PREFACE

THE determination to identify people and places is so strong among those who read books, but do not write them, that I may be forgiven for stating briefly what is the scope and origin of this story. In the course of my life I have been acquainted with many schools, but Dawnhope is not one of them ; I have conversed with many headmasters, but I have never yet met Dr. Tregarras. My *dramatis personæ* have accompanied me in my walks and sat with me at my writing table, but I have never seen them in the flesh. If I have succeeded in investing them with anything that at all resembles life, the people who imagine that a book is like a picture and that every character in it is drawn from a model, will be sure to ask, "Who was he thinking of?" —at least, I suppose they will ; because they asked the same question about "The Lanchester Tradition." The simple truth is that I have not been thinking of anybody. But I *have* been thinking of certain new ideas, which are the common property of all

schools and all schoolmasters ; and I have invented the kind of characters who would best illustrate the situations that may be derived from them, in a story which is not meant to be taken too seriously.

The educational world is seething with new ideas—a new psychology, new theories of discipline, new methods of teaching, new subjects to be taught, new forms of expression. Everywhere they find a few fanatical supporters and a few fanatical opponents. Most people (headmasters included) are sometimes attracted by them, sometimes amused, and sometimes repelled. Time will sift them ; whatever is valuable in them will remain and grow old, whatever is futile will be forgotten on the scrap heap. Meanwhile they are new ideas, and, as such, they are fair game. If they cannot stand the test of laughter they will not stand the test of time. And if we are never to laugh at new ideas, because a few people insist on treating them as new religions and a few others cannot distinguish between fun and fact, we shall become a nation of megalomaniacs, like the Germans before the War.

G. F. B.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Rimple Rising	1
II.	Dawnhope	12
III.	Mr. Usnett	25
IV.	Twin Enemies of Hate	32
V.	Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit	41
VI.	An Interesting Case	54
VII.	Mr. Tupworthy	68
VIII.	Fleet Street Hears	80
IX.	Mrs. Tregarras	91
X.	The Recklessness of Mr. Usnett	99
XI.	Chalk	110
XII.	Free Institutions	121
XIII.	Cromwell	130
XIV.	Inspection	143
XV.	Harvest Day	153
XVI.	The Regent	166
XVII.	Revolution	176
XVIII.	The Red Flag	190
XIX.	Samuel Finds	202
XX.	Vale et Salve	212

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

TO FACE PAGE

"HE WAS AFFABLE AND APPROACHABLE TO THE HUMBLEST AND MOST TIMID OF HIS PARENTS" . . . *Frontispiece*

"IN ANNOUNCING HIS APPOINTMENT TO HIS STAFF AT ASTLEY COLLEGE HE WAS ABLE TO SAY, 'I HAVE SECURED AN ABSOLUTELY FREE HAND'" 5

"THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF IS SKITTLES" . 45

"EDWARD!" 76

"IMMELBEIN HAD EXPRESSED HIS SUBCONSCIOUS ARTISTIC LONGINGS IN STRANGE PATTERNS AND GROUPINGS, WHICH RATHER SHOCKED THE LADIES, OWING TO THE PREVALENCE OF THE NUDE IN THEM" . . . 114

"INSPECTORS CAME AND INSPECTORS WENT—MEAGRE, SAD-EYED MEN, WHO PACED THE QUADRANGLE LIKE MUTES, OR TALKED TOGETHER IN WHISPERS" . . . 146

"A LARGE CONTINGENT FROM HAMPSTEAD AND GOLDER'S GREEN, FOLLOWERS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE" 159

"FIFTEEN REMARKABLE BOYS FROM THE NORTH-WESTERN DISTRICTS OF LONDON BADE A SAD FAREWELL TO MR. BITTERWELL" . 202

CHAPTER I

RIMPLE RISING

RIMPLE RISING was undoubtedly derelict. A succession of weak headmasters, and two or three regrettable scandals, had dimmed the prestige which surrounded it in the seventies and early eighties, when scholars from Rimple Rising had swept the board at both of the sister Universities. Instead of the three hundred and fifty boys who had filled the place with life and activity in the spacious days of Dr. Warewell, it could barely muster one hundred and twenty; and of these the odd twenty were generally supposed to be paying something less than the nominal fees. Not even in the palmiest days of the War, which did so much for struggling schools, had Rimple Rising been able to profit by the boom. A handful of tough colonials, indeed, failing to pass the barriers of the better-known establishments, had somehow strayed into its deserted walls;

but the most ignorant of English profiteers, thirsting to give his son a public school education, fought shy of Rimple Rising. In fact, it had practically ceased to count as one of the recognised public schools ; and it had no endowments. As a financial proposition, therefore, it had few attractions, and on the somewhat rare occasions when the country gentlemen, who formed the bulk of its governing council, met to discuss their stewardship, optimism did not sit with them at the board.

Yet, apart from the atmosphere of failure which hung over it, Rimple Rising had many attractive features—buildings which, if somewhat out of repair, were yet substantially built ; a railway junction, only two miles away, at which, when the service was normal, at least two fast trains stopped in the course of the day and would whisk a headmaster up to London in less than an hour and a quarter ; and a stretch of country which, though much restricted by private parks and preserved game, was none the less agreeable to the eye and healthy for the lungs. The village, from

which the school took its name, is not mentioned in the guide books and contains no building more notable than a diminutive chapel of ease.

But Rimple Rising was undoubtedly derelict. The third and most regrettable of the scandals alluded to had led to the retirement of the headmaster, and the immediate prospects were not such as to induce any but a very bold, or a very desperate, man to apply for the succession, including, as it did, a balance on the wrong side of the account, an alarming paucity of names on the entrance list, and a reputation which did not commend itself to the general public. It was a question, seriously debated at the council table, whether it would not be wiser to put up the shutters and sell the property in liquidation of debts.

But at this crisis fate intervened. Far away, on the other side of the Metropolis, a similar institution was suffering as much from prosperity as Rimple Rising was from neglect. Privately owned, and hampered from the start by insufficient room for expansion, Astley College, under the rule of

Dr. Tregarras, was reaching the point of suffocation. Success had swelled its numbers from the original eighty to close on one hundred and fifty, and it was coming more and more to resemble a middle-aged body enclosed in a boy's waistcoat. And, to make matters worse, the War had encircled it with a ring of factories—greedy monsters to whom the college and its grounds were a perpetual Naboth's vineyard. A scheme of Dr. Tregarras's for buying up the factories had been turned down by Mr. Astley, a man of purely business interests, who had inherited none of the enthusiasms which made his grandfather a pioneer in educational reform. Mr. Astley even intimated that, instead of swallowing the whales, the minnow might itself be swallowed, if any of the whales should see fit to make a sufficiently tempting offer.

It was this unusual combination of circumstances which led Dr. Tregarras to pay a purely unofficial visit to Rimple Rising, and, as a result of his visit, to enter into negotiations with the chairman of its council. It is possible that, under more

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favourable conditions, the council might have found in the views on education, which Dr. Tregarras expounded to them briefly, something to wound private susceptibilities and ingrained prejudices. But they were not in a mood to be either susceptible or prejudiced, and two considerations weighed with them heavily. The first was, that one hundred and fifty boys added to one hundred and twenty made two hundred and seventy and solved the financial problem for the moment ; the second, that Dr. Tregarras had a personal connection, which meant that the financial crisis would never be likely to recur. The upshot of the negotiations was that Dr. Tregarras shook hands with the council, and that, in announcing his appointment to his staff at Astley College, he was able to say, " I have secured an absolutely free hand."

The new Headmaster of Rimple Rising was in many ways a striking figure. With hair that was of a reddish tinge before it turned grey, and eyes that seemed accustomed to command, he enjoyed the advantage of a deep, sonorous voice and command-

ing height. It is easier, mentally as well as physically, to look up to a tall man than to a short one. And the agreeable impression created by his appearance was heightened by a natural modesty of manner. It is true that this modesty was more apparent than real: but it remains equally true that Dr. Tregarras would personally have preferred to hide, like Saul, among the stuff, if he had been sure that Samuel would discover his hiding-place. It was only because Samuel proved such a slow finder that he felt obliged, from time to time, to utter a warning "Whoop!" The call had reached certain listening ears, and the council was not mistaken in supposing that Dr. Tregarras had a personal connection. Blameless members of the *bourgeoisie* at Hampstead and Golder's Green, who tried to dress like Trotsky and would, presumably, have hailed their own extinction as a step on the path to universal happiness, sent their sons to Astley College because Dr. Tregarras was its headmaster; they would have sent their daughters, too, if that had been possible. But, though the "whoops" had found a

billet, they had not yet caught the ear either of Samuel or of Fleet Street. A ring of factories is not a good place to " whoop " from.

An enthusiast for democracy, Dr. Tregarras had hailed in the Russian revolution the birth of a new freedom, and had been one of the last to abandon the illusion that Lenin was a second St. Francis. Some said that he was more in love with the forms of democracy than with its spirit. It is certainly true that he liked to have his own way ; but he liked it, not because it was *his* way, but because it was the right way—the way that led towards the dawn. If any doubting Thomas, with a pocket compass, objected that the sun does not rise in the west, Dr. Tregarras silenced him with the magnificent retort, " We must have faith."

With his red hair he had inherited a rather lively temper which, in his early days, had proved a handicap. By degrees, however, he had acquired the habit of drawing, at will, an iron curtain over his brain, which effectually shut out any sparks likely to cause an explosion. As difference

of opinion was for him one of the most dangerous of sparks, the habit meant in practice that he remained impervious to argument, while cherishing the comfortable illusion that he had heard both sides of the question. With his sanguine, full-blooded temperament, he was inclined to make more promises than he was able to perform, and sometimes to forget them as easily as they were made; but even the victims of his carelessness, though they made angry comments, did not suspect him of wilful deception. They merely said, "He would have made his mark in politics."

Mrs. Tregarras, a stout, plain, practical woman, admired her husband, but seldom shared his views. Neither did she dispute them; she merely insisted that her own children should not be made the subject of educational experiment, and Dr. Tregarras's authority as a reformer ended at the nursery or schoolroom door.

The first use that the new Headmaster made of his free hand was to dismiss the existing staff at Rimple Rising. This, considering what had happened, was probably

wise and possibly inevitable. But two just men were spared from the slaughter—Mr. Usnett and Mr. Frazer, his house tutor, who had both come out of the recent troubles with credit and been personally thanked by the council. His second step was to transfer the staff of Astley College in a body to Rimple Rising, with the exception of two men with pocket compasses who had proved themselves bad followers. As Astley College was considerably over-staffed, and Rimple Rising proportionately under-staffed, there only remained three vacancies to fill, and, after careful thought, Dr. Tregarras allotted the posts to two young men with low degrees but great qualities, and a middle-aged enthusiast who, after failing on the Stock Exchange, had imbibed revolutionary views about capital and a profound hatred of capitalists.

His third step was to circularise the parents of his newly-combined flock. The full text of this document would take up an undue amount of space in a story of this kind ; but the gist of it was as follows :—

The War has proved the futility of the Prussian

system of discipline and ushered in the dawn of a new era in the history of the public schools.

The normal child should pass through three stages in the course of its moral development :—

1. 0–5 Period of the unchecked impulse.
2. 5–12 Period of impulse consciously directed towards the welfare of others.
3. 12–19 Period of active co-operation for the attainment of a fuller life.

It is assumed that by the time he enters his public school a boy will have reached the last of these stages.

Suggestions were invited from parents, and a copy of the encyclical was supplied to the Press. It only appeared, however, in the columns of the *Glove*, a journal with a restricted circulation, which devoted itself to the discussion of educational problems.

As the circular was forwarded under cover of the bills, many of the parents never read it at all, a hasty glance at the sum total to be paid having destroyed their appetite for further research. Mr. Usnett, who was asked to forward it to his parents, exclaimed, " Oh, lor ! " but made no further comment. From Hampstead and Golder's Green came many letters of approval and a few suggestions. The letters of approval Dr. Tre-

garras filed for future reference ; the suggestions he consigned to the waste-paper basket. For he had already formulated in his own mind the lines on which he proposed to act.

CHAPTER II

DAWNHOPE

THE active co-operation of the boys in the ordering of their own lives was the foundation stone on which Dr. Tregarras proposed to rear his edifice. But, before he could begin to build, the ground had to be cleared of all associations which might hamper or dwarf the work. Rimple Rising must rise from its ashes with a new and more glorious name. To Dr. Tregarras continuity was a word that had no connotation ; if it implied anything, it implied stagnation. He was not out to restore the lost splendour of Dr. Warewell's school, but to build a New Jerusalem, buttressed, not by scholarships, but by the fuller life, and bearing somewhere on its polished walls the name of the architect in gold letters. Yes, Rimple Rising must be re-dedicated and re-christened. The Doctor was a convinced believer in the suggestive influence of place

names. In his ears, River-meads, Hill-top and Avon-stream would have had a more inspiring sound than Eton, Harrow, or Rugby ; and, in spite of their unsuitability for declamation at a cricket or football match, he would have been prepared to advocate the change. But, more than anything else, the dawn embodied for him the poetry and romance of life. Not as the result of any extensive personal experience of that phase of the day. A healthy man and a sound sleeper, he seldom encountered the dawn except in mid-winter, and then he generally yawned. But, in the abstract, it stood to him as a symbol of all the good things which his sanguine nature was constantly expecting. It was his ambition that, if ever the limelight fell upon him, it should reveal him marching with a banner to meet the dawn. It was natural, therefore, that he should wish to connect this new venture with daybreak. " Sunrising " had occurred to him as a felicitous bridge between the old and the new ; but, unfortunately, the village inn had anticipated the symbol on its signboard, and, though an inn may call

itself after a school without loss of dignity, it was unseemly that the New Jerusalem should take the name of an inn. "Dawn of Reason," "Dawn of the New World," were appropriate, but cumbrous. Finally, "Dawn of Hope," contracted into "Dawnhope," came to him as an inspiration. The prevalence of "hopes" in the neighbourhood—Mudhope, Barnhope, Priorshope—gave it a local fitness; and it was brief and pronounceable. So, on the second Saturday of the term, Dr. Tregarras called his boys together, explained to them that it had been decided to alter the name of their school, and invited suggestions. Hitherto, the boys whom Dr. Tregarras had brought with him had shown no reluctance to date their letters as from Rimple Rising. They liked their new surroundings better than the more familiar factories, and had accepted the name with the place. But, as soon as they realised that there was to be a re-christening, they felt very strongly that the only possible name was Astley College. On the other hand, the aborigines, who had never hitherto shown much enthusiasm for their

school, suddenly realised that "Rimple Rising" symbolised for them all that they valued most in life, and that the substitution by aliens of an alien name was worse than an insult to their mothers. Consequently, Dr. Tregarras received two monster petitions, one bearing one hundred and fifty signatures and demanding that Astley College should be the proud title of a resurgent school, the other, signed by one hundred and twenty supplicants, who begged in the name of justice that Rimple Rising should not be deprived of her children. The situation which the Headmaster had to face was not exactly the one he had anticipated. He had meant to rally his forces, old and new, under a strange but inspiring banner, and the very banner seemed likely to prove a source of division. But he behaved tactfully and firmly. He summoned the school together for a second time and explained, in the deep voice which always seemed a guarantee both of good faith and common sense, that, where two bodies of nearly equal strength desire different things, it is impossible that both should be satisfied, and wiser

that neither should feel the bitterness of defeat. (Applause.) "It has been suggested," he continued, "that the entirely new and, to my mind, uplifting name of Dawnhope (Dawn of Hope) is the best way out of our difficulty, and it has been decided that the school shall meet in the quadrangle on the dawn of October 5th to re-dedicate itself, under its new name and its new flag, to the divine purposes for which it was ordained." Dr. Tregarras was fond of using the impersonal passive, not because he shunned responsibility, but because he disliked the bleakness of *hoc volo, sic jubeo.* He was also fond of taking the Almighty into partnership whenever he had schemes on hand for the betterment of mankind. Neither practice is provocative of applause, and the announcement was received in chilly silence, with some subdued murmurs of disapproval.

It is one thing to come to a decision, another to get it accepted. Dr. Tregarras had addressed the school after third lesson; the same afternoon there was a trial match against a scratch XV. got up by Mr. Frazer,

the games master. On both sides the play was of an indifferent quality, but never was game more vociferously applauded. One compact body of some one hundred and twenty boys, kept up a continuous shout of "Rimple Rising!"; another, of about equal dimensions on the opposite side of the ground, roared back "Astley! Astley!" while, on the same side of the ground, but at an interval of one hundred yards or so, a third group, consisting of the most trusted boys, were straining their lungs in the endeavour to make "Donnop" (the shouting version of Dawnhope) the prevailing cry. The Headmaster, who was present, drew the iron curtain over his brain, or only lifted it to hear the shouts of "Donnop!" He pinned his faith to the dedication ceremony.

Dr. Tregarras was fond of impressive ceremonies of which he was himself the central figure, and he thought out their details carefully. As the autumn sun rose over the eastern horizon, bugles would sound the reveille! Then would follow the hymn, "Now thank we all our God," and a

short service of dedication, specially composed by the Headmaster ; then the new tricolour flag—pink for Rimple Rising, chocolate for Astley College, and green for Hope—would be run up on a mast, specially erected for the purpose in the centre of the quadrangle ; and, when the National Anthem had been sung, the O.T.C. would march past, Dr. Tregarras himself taking the salute in his uniform ; for, in the course of the War, he had seen some service at home as chaplain to the forces in a London hospital.

Unfortunately, the 5th of October broke with low clouds and a cold grey drizzle, which would have damped enthusiasm, even if there had been any enthusiasm to damp. The buglers, missing the golden rim of the sun on the eastern horizon, waited for some other signal which never came, and finally struck up at the precise moment when the hymn was getting under way. Reveille and hymn stopped suddenly, each startled by the other, and, after an awkward pause, began again simultaneously. This time neither would give way, and the

affair developed into a duel, in which the hymn had decidedly the worst of it. In spite of this mishap, Dr. Tregarras declaimed his prayers and benedictions with the fervour of conviction; but the pink, chocolate and green flag rose limply to the mast head, and the march past was slovenly and ragged. Even Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit, the two Grammar House tutors, who, more than anybody else on the staff, enjoyed the Headmaster's confidence, admitted in common room that the ceremony had missed fire, though they ascribed the failure entirely to the weather. And when Mr. Usnett, looking up from his paper with a puzzled expression, remarked, "But surely all history proves that people get much more excited over names than over things," they fell upon him testily. "Tregarras knows what he is about," they said, "and it is absurd to make so much fuss over a little opposition, which is only the natural expression of high spirits."

At Dawnhope (for we must henceforward adopt the official title) there were seven houses of unequal size, called, with the

exception of the Headmaster's house, known as the Grammar House, after their respective house-masters. In the palmy days of Dr. Warewell there had been two more; but, when the numbers dwindled, these had been converted into chemistry and physics schools in a desperate attempt to attract grist to the mill. To the thirty boys whom he took over from his predecessor in the Grammar House, Dr. Tregarras added forty of his own. Mr. Usnett's house of fifty, situated, like the Grammar House, in the quadrangle, formed a solid block of Rimple-Risingers. The remaining five (three of forty, and two of thirty, boys) which clustered round the school buildings, were filled, or practically filled, by a mixed crowd, in which, however, the Astleyites were always in a majority. Thus it happened that boys in the same house addressed their letters from different schools, and used different war cries on the field of battle. Dr. Tregarras shut his ears to the discordant cries and trusted to time and the printed word to heal the breach. To a colleague, who expressed alarm at the fierceness of the

passions which had been excited, he replied hopefully, " My dear fellow, we must have faith " ; but he did, as a matter of fact, abandon for the moment an undivulged plan for re-christening the houses, Aurora, Grey Sandals, Lark, Cock-crow, Peep-o'-Day, Lucifer, and Eos—all uplifting names and associated with the dawn.

However, an incident occurred which involved his own dignity and compelled him to intervene. Perhaps he was himself partially to blame for fanning the flames which he was anxious to extinguish. A convinced champion of all who suffer wrong, he had invited a well-known authority on the Near East to lecture to the school on " Oppressed Nationalities." The lecture was good, but the moment chosen for its delivery infelicitous ; and all allusions to the wrongs of the oppressed, or the tyranny of the oppressors, were received with demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, which surprised the lecturer and caused the Headmaster to knit his brows.

Whenever in the course of his reading he came across any passage that particularly

pleased him, it was the habit of Dr. Tregarras to share his enjoyment with others. He called it, "pooling our good things." The form which this pooling took was an autograph copy of the selected passage, written on official paper and pinned to a particular board in the quadrangle. Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit asserted that these selections came mainly from Thomas à Kempis, Marcus Aurelius, or de la Rochefoucauld; others suspected that most of them, and especially the poetry, emanated from the great brain of Dr. Tregarras himself. He had invited his staff to contribute of their own store, but it was generally understood that the invitation was a purely formal one; and when an ardent entomologist had adopted this means of publishing a newly ascertained fact about the habits of caterpillars, he received no encouragement to continue the practice. So it came about that, at the time of the lecture, the board was adorned with a single maxim :—

To the Boys of Dawnhope.

To be just is not only to be generous, but to be wisely generous.

One morning it was discovered that "Dawnhope" had been scratched out and "Rimple Rising" substituted instead; also that a criticism had been appended to the aphorism, consisting of the single word, "Tosh." This was followed by the query, "What about oprest Nationalities?" The perpetrator of this outrage refused to give himself up, and he remained undiscovered, although Mr. Mason shut himself up with stacks of school exercises and spent fifteen hours in an heroic attempt to identify the handwriting of the offender.

It therefore became necessary for Dr. Tregarras to act; and he acted by cancelling the next three half-holidays. After this display of violence, things mended slowly. The immigrants realised that, if "Dawnhope" was not exactly a victory for Astley's, it was at least a defeat for Rimple Rising, and in its more palatable form of "Donnop," they took to shouting it at matches. The Rimple-Risingers maintained a sullen silence, only breaking at times into ironical shouts of "Hoppers!" which their opponents answered back with

cries of, "Clod-hoppers!" Fortunately, the width of the ground prevented them from coming to blows. Dr. Tregarras, having asserted his authority, wisely refrained from further action. He knew that the scheme of co-operative self-government, which he was hatching out in his fertile brain, would soon weld the jarring factions into one united and harmonious whole.

CHAPTER III

MR. USNETT

Mr. Usnett had started life with ambitions. One of these ambitions was to become a headmaster ; and a brilliant first in history, coupled with a strong liking for boys, seemed to give some justification for his dreams. But he had not known how to wait. Eager to earn his own living and, if the truth must be told, to pay off some undergraduate debts at Oxford, he had jumped at the first offer that presented itself—a post at Rimple Rising. Once at Rimple Rising, he discovered that he was in a *cul-de-sac*. Perhaps with more push he might have extricated himself ; but Mr. Usnett lacked push. Instead of elbowing his way into something better, he adopted the policy, fatal for an ambitious man, of making the best of things where he was. In a certain sense he had succeeded. He had been appointed to a boarding-house fairly

young, and had kept it full, even when the Grammar House had dwindled to thirty. But he was conscious of being in a backwater, and, by forty-eight, he seemed to have exhausted all the possibilities of active life. In the course of his pilgrimage, he had learned many things, not always good things—to keep silence, even from good words, to acquiesce in what he could not alter, and to hold rather a poor opinion of men and human nature. Of one bad habit he had never been able to cure himself. Though he seldom spoke, his penetrating black eyes often expressed his silent amusement at the folly of mankind.

At first sight, his appearance told rather against him. His forehead, indeed, was broad and intellectual, but there was something a little simian in his upturned nose and loose, sprawling limbs. People said that, but for the black beard and moustache which concealed the lower half of his face, the resemblance to an ape would have been even more noticeable. Needless to say, the boys called him Tarzan ; but they stood in considerable awe of him, and the awe was

not unmixed with a kind of affection. He understood them. The one master with whom he sometimes talked freely was Mr. Frazer, his house tutor, a young man of simple but honest instincts, who had bitterly resented the change from Rimple Rising to Dawnhope. It was comradeship in danger, rather than similarity of temperament, which had formed the bond. But the younger man had a rare discretion which made him a safe companion.

One morning, after breakfast, Mr. Frazer burst into his house-master's study.

" I really can't stick it much longer," he exclaimed. " It's too sickening for words."

Mr. Usnett raised his eyebrows and looked at the flushed and angry face of his friend.

" Come ! " he said soothingly. " It can't be as bad as all that."

" Oh, it's all very well for you," retorted Mr. Frazer. " You don't have to take your meals with a lot of wild men—*and* the tosh *and* the bilge ! It fairly makes me retch."

" One must talk at Bilge as the Bilgians do," said Mr. Usnett with a smile. " You

can always go one better—same as one does with a fisherman."

"And the things they've done for boys, and the things they're going to do! Oh, lor! And they're all as jealous of each other as a lot of old women. It makes one's stomach turn."

"You must work miracles too," said Mr. Usnett gravely. "It's quite easy; a little——"

"But *you* don't believe in all this humbug, do you?" cried Mr. Frazer incredulously.

"Tregarras is a humbug," said Mr. Usnett, "but he's a genial humbug; and there is nobody he takes in so easily as himself. He doesn't strike me as malicious, or the kind of man who will harm you, so long as you don't thwart him. And he is going to fill the school."

"But you don't believe that humbug really pays?" gasped Mr. Frazer, with round eyes.

"Not in the long run," replied his friend; "not in a hundred years. The gods are inexorable. But the public—the public likes

somebody who will stoop to their level with conviction. You are young, but you are old enough to have seen it—some book, some play, which everybody who has the brains of a sparrow laughs out of court ; but the public catches on and makes it a huge financial success. The one condition of success is that the humbug should really mistake himself for a prophet. And Tregarras stoops with conviction. When the public discovers him, Rimple—I mean Dawnhope—will boom, and we shall share in the glory."

Mr. Frazer was looking out of the window.

" There's the Head and Mason," he said. " Probably hatching some new plot against us."

Mr. Usnett rose from his chair and peeped out round the curtains. On the asphalt path of the quadrangle Dr. Tregarras and Mr. Mason, side by side, were pacing slowly to and fro, engaged in grave and earnest conversation. But the gravity of the Head was as nothing compared with the gravity of Mr. Mason. Mr. Usnett's eyes lit up with

a smile. "When people are concocting plots," he said, "they generally hide in a cellar; when they look like that they are probably only discussing the rival merits of cascara and Glauber salts. But, look here, Frazer! Take a bit of advice from an older man. Your experience of ushers, hitherto, has been confined to fossils and the unworthy. You are now going to make the acquaintance of the freaks and faddists. They are all as mad as hatters, but their bite isn't as dangerous as it looks, because the majority of boys are rendered immune by a kind of corporate sense of humour. Meanwhile, you and I are in rather a difficult position. As the only two survivors of the Palæolithic Age, we are naturally suspect, and we have got to walk warily. If I were you, whatever you may think, I should say as little as possible. *Verb. sap.*"

"That's all very well," replied Mr. Frazer gloomily; "but I shall probably bust. You don't realise what common room is like. On my honour! I think I'd rather have the fossils and the ungodly back again."

As he passed through the quadrangle on his way to his class-room, Mr. Frazer paused before the special notice board. A new maxim for the wise had replaced the commendation of justice, and this time it was in verse.

To the Boys of Dawnhope.
Self-government and Unity,
Twin enemies of Hate,
Enable a Community
To snap its hands at Fate.

"Gilbert and Sullivan, I take it," said Mr. Frazer, half to himself and half for the benefit of Mr. Mason, who had come up behind him.

Mr. Mason felt that the words implied a reflection on his revered Chief. He flushed angrily and replied: "I don't know what it may mean to you, but it happens to be something very big."

"Damn!" said Mr. Frazer under his breath, and passed on to his class-room, not in the best of tempers.

CHAPTER IV

TWIN ENEMIES OF HATE

In the first week of February, that is to say, at the beginning of his second term at Dawnhope, Dr. Tregarras issued a communication to the Press. The full text would occupy too much space in a story of this kind, but it may be briefly summarised as follows :—

DAWNHOPE.

An Experiment in Civic Training.

The War has taught us the necessity of replacing the old methods of Prussian discipline, hitherto in vogue at our public schools, by a carefully-thought-out system of graduated training in the exercise of civic duties.

The normal child passes through three stages in the course of its civic development :—

1. 0–4 Period of passive and unquestioning obedience.

For the sake of symmetry Dr. Tregarras had originally written 0–6, but, as his

youngest son, aged five, had that afternoon flatly refused to obey parental commands and been sent, howling, to bed by his mother, he substituted 4 for 6, in the final draft.

2. 4–12 Period of intelligent obedience, consciously directed towards the development of the judicial and administrative faculties.

3. 12–19 Period of active participation in the affairs of the community, proceeding by definitely marked stages :—

(*a*) Form (or Set) Justice.
(*b*) Form (or Set) Administration.
(*c*) School Justice.
(*d*) School Administration.

It is assumed that by the time he enters his public school a boy will have reached the third of these stages.

This document was published in full in the columns of the *Glove*, and a London weekly of advanced views based on it an article headed, "A Rift in the Clouds." Moreover, an eminent crank was stated to have remarked in private, "Dawnhope will give a new impulse to education." This report reached the ears of Dr. Tregarras and confirmed him in the belief that he was a great man.

On the same day as that on which he issued his manifesto to the Press, the Headmaster discussed the new scheme with his subordinates; or, rather, he discussed Period 3 (*a*), which was the part of it which he proposed to put into immediate operation. Dr. Tregarras's methods of conducting a masters' meeting were friendly and informal. He seldom took a vote, he did not frown on late comers, and he was fond of substituting "my dear fellow" for the more frigid "Mr." There was, however, a faint suggestion of condescension in his "my dear fellow" which prevented the individual so honoured from presuming on the familiarity. Further, he permitted, and even encouraged, a sympathetic discussion of his conclusions. It was only when colleagues strayed from the point at issue, and ventured to question his premises, that he showed any signs of annoyance. "My dear fellow," he would say on such occasions, "if we are going to debate first principles, we shall soon find ourselves questioning the existence of the Deity. We have to deal with the facts as we find them." To Mr.

Usnett he was, as a rule, studiously polite. He did not feel drawn to Mr. Usnett. He instinctively distrusted his eyes; at certain moments they inspired him with an indefinable and unreasoning terror. The Headmaster's boyish laugh and gay smile were not weighted with any sense of humour, and he hated the mere suspicion of fun as a dog hates laughter. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot," was one of his favourite quotations, and it had more than once appeared on the school notice board. But Mr. Usnett seldom spoke, which was a point in his favour; and, for the moment at all events, he was worth conciliating. So, after some preliminary observations on Period 3 (*a*), in which he outlined his plan, Dr. Tregarras turned to Mr. Usnett and said, "And what is your opinion, Usnett? How do you think it will work?"

Now Mr. Usnett did not like the plan at all, for it set up in each form (or set) a court of justice to deal with all such questions as did not come within the immediate cognisance of the form (or set) master. Each

form (or set) was to elect its own president, and the president was to be assisted by a committee of four, similarly elected. Mr. Usnett, realising the futility of opposition, had determined to keep silence, but, after being personally appealed to for an opinion, he felt obliged to say something.

"I don't quite know," he began, ". . . I feel a little doubtful about the lower forms. I am sure that in the younger boys the bullying instinct is always there, and it needs very little encouragement to bring it to the surface. Of course, if the thing is played as a sort of game, under the——"

"There is no intention of treating the experiment as a game," said Dr. Tregarras, with a contraction of the brow that betokened extreme displeasure.

"I am afraid," replied Mr. Usnett apologetically, "that I did not express myself very felicitously——"

"You did not," snapped the Headmaster.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Usnett, with a slight bow. "What I meant to say was that, in my opinion, the experiment would

need rather careful supervision in the lower forms."

The suggestion that his epoch-making scheme was a game came so perilously near to the truth that it had seriously nettled Dr. Tregarras, and he was not prepared to be easily appeased. He therefore replied majestically :

" Where there is mutual confidence between masters and boys, there is no need for the obsolete methods of mutual suspicion and distrust to which, I gather, Mr. Usnett is referring."

Mr. Usnett flushed angrily, but controlled himself and said no more. Mr. Frazer, however, rushed into the fray with all the rashness of youth.

" Does that mean," he asked fiercely, " that boys will be allowed to beat each other ? "

" If Mr. Frazer will read his agenda," replied the Headmaster, more suavely because he had a distinct point to make, " if Mr. Frazer will read his agenda, he will see that the infliction of corporal punishment is specially excluded from the prerogatives

of the committees, and that, in every case, there is an appeal to the Headmaster. In all questions affecting the discipline of the school, whether that discipline is administered by himself, his subordinates, or his boys, the Headmaster retains, and always will retain, an absolute right of veto."

The introduction into Dawnhope of its Headmaster's local self-government scheme produced some curious and very interesting results. In the upper forms the experiment ended with the election of committees, and on the only occasion on which a committee attempted to exercise jurisdiction, it was summarily ejected from the class-room. In the Middle Shell, Mr. Frazer, the form-master, was unanimously elected president, and the committee delegated their powers to him. In Mr. Mason's form, on the other hand, in which there was a considerable preponderance of "Clodhoppers," some lively scenes took place. The Clodhoppers had succeeded in securing the presidency and all the places on the committee for their own party, and they immediately took advantage of the position to summon to the bar

the three most offensive Hoppers, on a charge of disloyalty to the Headmaster. The evidence was conclusive. One of the accused had said openly that "Old Gas-bags" was—what he would have profoundly disliked being called. After a trial, which occupied the better part of five minutes, the prisoners were found guilty and condemned to six strokes each with a fives bat. It is true that the punishment was unconstitutional, but the committee assumed, and correctly, as events proved, that, considering the seriousness of the charge and the nature of the evidence, the victims would not appeal to Cæsar. This high-handed action created something of a stir, and in Mr. Parfit's form, where the Hoppers were in a decided majority, reprisals were taken against three of the least acceptable Clodhoppers. After an even shorter trial, but on the same charge and on similar evidence, they were found guilty, and sentenced to eight strokes each with a racquet handle. From this decision also there was no appeal. Some rumours of what was happening did, indeed, reach the ears of Dr. Tregarras; but about this

time he was much absent in London on business connected with the school, which was probably the reason why he made no inquiry into the matter and contented himself with sending a notice to masters, urging them to exercise a stricter supervision over the working of the committees. He was, besides, very busy at this time with the details of a new scheme which was to revolutionise education on its intellectual side. The key to the working of his mind at this momentous crisis might perhaps have been discovered on the notice board in the quadrangle, where a new maxim had recently appeared.

> To the Boys of Dawnhope.
>
> A healthy mind knows no restriction of diet. As a plant sucks moisture from dawn and sunset, earth and air, the growing soul will draw its nourishment from art and science, literature and philosophy, and even from its own limbs.

"And why not from history?" murmured Mr. Usnett, as he read the inspiring message; "and can a soul have limbs?" But Dr. Tregarras was not at hand to answer him.

CHAPTER V

MR. MASON AND MR. PARFIT

For the first two terms of their joint tutorship at the Grammar House, Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit had presented, in its most attractive form, the spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity. Staunch followers of the banner that bore upon its folds the device, "Self-expression through the body," they had walked, metaphorically, hand in hand and often, literally, arm in arm. Yet, from the very first, the seeds of dissension had been latent in their friendship. Mr. Mason had a well-knit frame and great powers of facial expression, and he was both an accomplished actor and an expert Morris-dancer; while Mr. Parfit was hampered by a body which found difficulty in expressing anything except a tendency to eat too much. A brilliant rendering of "Charley's Aunt," at the end of the Lent Term, had been the cause of some perceptible

friction between the two tutors, and had warmed the temperature to the particular point at which seeds of dissension begin to germinate. Mr. Parfit had been anxious to give a performance of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," and it was believed that he had cast himself for the part of the heroine. Mr. Mason, however, had objected that, with thirty half-savage Clodhoppers in the house, civilisation must proceed slowly. Milk was the proper food for babes, and "Charley's Aunt" was milk. Mr. Parfit retorted that art succeeds, not by pandering to the crowd, but by soaring upwards to meet the sun. The dispute was settled by Dr. Tregarras in Mr. Mason's favour. This decision seemed to make it clear that, though both tutors were favourites, Mr. Mason was first favourite. If the position may be stated in the vulgar terms of betting, it was two to one on Mr. Mason and two to one against Mr. Parfit. Mr. Parfit had yielded with a bad grace; and, if he did not sulk like Achilles in his tent, he had adopted towards the performance a sour and slightly contemptuous attitude. At the end of the

Easter holidays this excellent young man returned to Dawnhope enveloped in an atmosphere of Byronic mystery. He seemed to shun the society of his fellows, and in common room he seldom joined in the lively debates to which he had once been the principal contributor. Moreover, his eyes had the far-away look of a man who is seeing visions. His friends thought him depressed, and attributed his depression to the slight rebuff he had received in the previous March. In small communities such things count for a good deal.

One evening, however, Mr. Parfit entered Mr. Mason's study somewhat abruptly, sat down in an easy chair, lit a cigarette, looked round the room as if he were making a mental inventory of its contents, and began :

" I expect you have noticed a great change in me."

Mr. Mason *had* noticed a change, but, with the friendliness that comes of victory and holidays, he was anxious to be complimentary, so he replied :

" Yes, I think you are decidedly thinner in the face."

" You are very much obsessed with the body, aren't you ? " said Mr. Parfit testily. " It wasn't of the body I was thinking. As a matter of fact, I am quite a different man. I have never felt so free and joyous. Where I was discontented before, I am merry now ; where I was prejudiced, I feel sympathy ; and my tongue has been untied."

" I had never noticed," said Mr. Mason tartly, " that you found any difficulty in talking."

" Ah ! " cried Mr. Parfit, " I talked to repress my own sense of *malaise*. I was full of inhibitions. Now I can talk to every man in his own language, because I understand. Mason," he added impressively, " I have discovered that you are all wrong. Progress does not lie outwards through the limbs, but inwards through the exploration of the unconscious self."

To a sincere upholder of advanced views it is always galling to be told that he is " all wrong," and Mr. Mason was a sincere upholder of advanced views. He would, indeed, have felt deeply humiliated if anybody could have proved to him that his

"The unconscious self is skittles—"

own views were not the most advanced views in the educational market; and there was something in Mr. Parfit's manner which seemed to imply that he, Mr. Parfit, had stolen a march on him. So he replied hotly and somewhat rashly,

"The unconscious self is skittles."

"Be careful what you are saying," cried Mr. Parfit excitedly. "You will regret it later. If you were to study the question instead of——"

"I have studied it," said Mr. Mason, straying, in the excitement of the moment, from the narrow path of truth. "I have studied it, and it is skittles."

Now it is always annoying to a man who has discovered a new faith to be told that his faith is skittles, and Mr. Parfit's resentment was sharpened by the fact that the cigarette, which he was holding, had at that particular moment shrunk to the dimensions at which it began to burn his fingers. He flung it angrily on to the carpet, stamped on it, and rose to his feet.

"I came to you," he said, "because I thought that you were rather less of a hide-

bound pedant than most of the staff here. I see I was mistaken, and I regret it. I had meant to put my knowledge at your disposal. I have learned many things which——"

"At all events, you have not learned how to behave like a gentleman," said Mr. Mason, goaded into rudeness by this assumption of superior wisdom on the part of a junior colleague.

"And you are certainly not the man to teach me," said Mr. Parfit, and slammed the door before his friend could get in a reply.

This interchange of discourtesies was only the spark engendered by a collision between two earnest souls, moving towards perfection in opposite directions. When the spark had burned itself out, the temperature fell to something approaching zero, and a studied politeness on both sides made the resumption of official relations possible, if not agreeable. But for some little time Mr. Mason's soul did not know the freedom and joyousness which had become the portion of his more fortunate fellow tutor. The

cause of his unhappiness lay, not so much in Mr. Parfit, as in Dr. Tregarras. That broad, eclectic man, with his open mind and *flair* for fashionable novelties, was not prepared to dismiss the unconscious self as merely "skittles." If anybody had revived the worship of Isis, or the Eleusinian Mysteries, he would almost certainly have fitted them into some period of religious development in the life of the normal child. He took a friendly interest in Mr. Parfit and his new ideas, and the two men might often be seen pacing up and down the asphalt paths of the quadrangle, deep in earnest conversation. Thus encouraged, Mr. Parfit began to make disciples, not only among the masters, but among the more intelligent boys. Besides taking a low form, Mr. Parfit gave instruction in the higher mathematics to a select group of the older boys, who were desirous of adding this branch of knowledge to their accumulated store, in the hope of securing a school leaving certificate. The barrier that separates the higher mathematics from dreams is a low one, and Mr. Parfit cleared it at a single bound. There is, pro-

bably, no human being who is not secretly proud of his dreams, and in Mr. Parfit's able hands dreams acquired a new, if somewhat lurid, fascination. If the boys learned little about the higher mathematics, they learned much that was of an even more absorbing interest; and, as a mark of appreciation, they called their teacher by the new name of Joseph—not, of course, after the confidant of Richelieu, but after the *protégé* of Potiphar and Pharaoh.

Mr. Mason watched these proceedings with a jealous but disinterested anxiety. His own star, indeed, was suffering under a temporary eclipse; but it was for Dr. Tregarras, and not for himself, that he feared. He knew the impulsiveness of his chief, and he also knew, better perhaps than any one, the deadly risks which that chief was running by mistaking Mr. Parfit for a leader of men. On the other hand, openly to denounce as "skittles" any idea on which Dr. Tregarras had smiled was worse than disloyalty. Accordingly, he drew in his horns. When the new psychology was discussed in his presence he looked wise and

said nothing. But, though he suffered in silence, he had a craving for sympathy, and he sought it in the most unlikely quarters.

One Sunday morning, as Mr. Usnett was returning from chapel, he was surprised to find Mr. Mason walking beside him. After a formal exchange of "Good mornings!" the Grammar House tutor began to unload the "perilous stuff that weighed upon his heart," with a want of tact that was remarkable in a disciple of Dr. Tregarras.

"I expect," he said, "that you have had a good deal of experience in dealing with impossible colleagues."

"So, so," replied Mr. Usnett, who was nothing if not guarded. "What did you think of the sermon?"

"Do you come across Parfit much?" was Mr. Mason's counter-question.

"Very slightly," said Mr. Usnett hurriedly, "very slightly. It seems to me that the chapel singing is improving."

But Mr. Mason refused to notice the lure and continued:

"He seems to be suffering rather badly from a swollen head."

Against his better judgment Mr. Usnett could not help saying:

"Of course, I don't know what the size of his head was before he came here."

Mr. Mason laughed a loud, but rather mirthless, laugh, and continued:

"Have any of your boys been complaining to you about the higher mathematics?"

"One moment!" said Mr. Usnett. "Don't think me rude, but I must catch that boy before lunch. So sorry! *Au revoir!*" and he dashed off on his imaginary errand.

At this time Mr. Usnett was living very much aloof and knew but little of the undercurrents that were agitating the school and being discussed in common room and the dormitories. He realised the hostility of his own house towards the new Headmaster—a hostility which was almost inevitable in any case—and, when talking to boys, he purposely avoided any topic likely to bring it to the surface, for fear of betray-

ing his own feelings or seeming to encourage disaffection. So, except for such scraps of gossip as Mr. Frazer occasionally retailed to him, he received no information of what was happening outside his own house. And Mr. Frazer's interests were chiefly centred in games.

"I rather suspect," he said to his tutor one morning, when they were going through the half-term reports of the house together, "I rather suspect that we have got a new Père Joseph, and I gather from a recent conversation that the old Père Joseph isn't best pleased."

Mr. Frazer followed the direction of his house-master's eyes through the window.

"Good Lord, yes!" he grunted. "Didn't you know that? Parfit! Parfit has laid a new egg, and he's happy and joyous, and goes about clucking like two thousand silly hens."

"What sort of an egg?" asked Mr. Usnett.

"Oh! he's been analysed, as they call it," said Mr. Frazer. "I don't know what they found, but I'll bet that ninety-

nine per cent. of it was bilge — pure bilge."

"Analysed?" said Mr. Usnett.

"Yes, psycho'd," replied the tutor. "Done in the vac.—dreams, complexes, and all that sort of tosh. Half the wild men are mad for it, and the other half are mad against it. They're hardly on speaking terms with one another, and we nearly come to blows in common room. Good Lord, yes!" he added with a sigh. "We talk about nothing else. Parfit gives me the gorgonzola stare now whenever I meet him, because I asked him the other day if he had an inhibition in his tummy when he refused a bad kipper."

"Hm!" said Mr. Usnett, "I see; psycho-analysis. That's rather serious, really. However, business. How is it, d'you think, that McAlister gets such a flamingly good report for his special history? To my certain knowledge he never does a stroke of work, and I always find him ragging when I go into the house."

"It's because he goes to Tupworthy," said Mr. Frazer. "The something-or-other

new patent method, you know—boy presses a button and the master does the rest. Oh, by all that's holy, I should just love to be a boy here ! "

" Hm ! " said Mr. Usnett. " Well, I must have a look into that."

CHAPTER VI

AN INTERESTING CASE

Mr. Usnett "looked into it," and, as a result of his investigations, McAlister was obliged to enter himself as a reluctant candidate for the Warewell History Prize. Needless to say, Mr. Usnett did not put any money on his chances of success, but he thought that the boy would be obliged to do some work in order to avoid the otherwise certain exposure of ignorance. A few weeks later he regretted his interference, for, while invigilating during the examination for the prize, he had the unpleasant experience of discovering McAlister busily engaged in copying dates from an "Outlines of History," imperfectly concealed under a sheet of paper. He regretted his interference, because he liked the boy, a muscular and unsophisticated Australian, whose school record had hitherto been untarnished. But, as the facts were undisputed and extenuat-

ing circumstances conspicuous by their absence, he had no choice but to report the case to the Headmaster, with a recommendation that the culprit should be flogged. He was aware that Dr. Tregarras had seen the boy, but had as yet received no official information as to the results of the interview.

Meanwhile, in his study, McAlister was pouring out his woes to his friend Bennet, a bright but not particularly industrious youth, and one of the select few who were privileged to receive instruction from Mr. Parfit in the higher mathematics.

"So I just told him," narrated McAlister slowly, as he munched a biscuit, "that I'd been mugging up the beastly muck just before I went in, and put the damned thing in my pocket without thinking; and that when I had about finished the paper, I sort of dozed off; and when I woke up, there was the damned book on the desk in front of me; so, without thinking, I popped a bit of paper over it, and, when Tarzan pounced, I was so scared that I hardly knew what I was saying. It was all pretty thin, I

know ; but what the devil was a man to say ? "

" Thin's not the word for it," was Bennet's contemptuous comment. " What did Gas-bags say ? "

" He asked me if I ever had dreams that troubled me," said McAlister.

His companion gave a yell of delight. " Holy Moses ! " he exclaimed. " Why, that's the gentle Joseph ! Go on ! What did you tell him ? "

" I told him that I never had any dreams," said McAlister doggedly ; " and I don't see what the devil he wanted to ask me for."

His friend buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. " Oh, you silly old ass ! " he cried, " you mud-headed wombat—all right ! If you're going to be nasty I shall just leave you to your fate. Why, you blighted kangaroo, you'd got the game in your hands ! But go on ! What happened next ? "

" He told me to come and see him again at 12.20 to-morrow," said McAlister gloomily. " Any fool can tell what that means."

"My God!" groaned his companion. "You *have* mucked the show; but if only we could switch on the gentle Joseph, there might be a chance of——"

"I don't see what Joseph's got to do with it," said McAlister sulkily.

"Of course you don't, you aboriginal bushman!" replied Bennet, "because you don't do the higher mathematics; but I tell you that, if only we could ring up Joseph—I've got it!" he cried suddenly. "Prep. for to-morrow! Joseph never sets any prep., but Tarzan won't know that. I'm going to see Joseph—he's top dog at the Grammar House: all the Grammar House men I know say so; and I'm one of his most intelligent pupils. Comprenny? Gross thingummy-bob—you know what I mean—of justice. I found you weeping in your study—picture of blue-eyed innocence, etc. The gentle Joseph is all agin bloodshed. My God, what a lark!"

"All right, then," said McAlister, preparing to put away the biscuits, "I'll come with you."

"My good blighter," replied his friend

loftily, " you've given the show away once already. This is a stunt for men of brains and not pudding-headed savages. You'll jolly well stay where you are."

In rather less than an hour the emissary was back again in a state of jubilant excitement. He burst into the study, where McAlister was still munching biscuits, with an :

" Old bun, the game's as good as won. (Shakespeare !) The gentle Joseph is deeply stirred, and he's going to see Gas-bags about you after prayers. Joseph is very hopeful of the result."

" Good egg ! " said McAlister complacently.

" We had a heart-to-heart talk about you, old dough-nut," continued Bennet, " and Joseph scents a complex."

" What's that ? " asked McAlister suspiciously.

" You wouldn't understand, old bird," replied his friend airily. " The point is that, when Joseph scents a complex, he gets as excited as a terrier when you've said ' rats ! ' I told him that you've had dreams—wicked dreams——"

" Damn you ! " said McAlister.

" All right, don't be premature ! " protested Bennet. " Joseph nearly swooned, and murmured, ' What dreams ? ' I gave a hectic sob and said that you had sworn me to secrecy. ' Does he dream,' whispered Joseph, ' about his father ? Does he dream that he is dead ? ' I gazed into the far horizon and scorned to reply ; but it seems to me that that's the card we ought to play."

" Drop the dream business," said McAlister. " I'm not taking any."

" But you blighted Hottentot," cried his friend, " you've got to. Your dreams are the whole caboodle with Joseph. They're ' IT.' Any silly fool can say, ' I dreamed that my father was dead, sir.' "

" I suppose I could do that," said McAlister doubtfully, " if they don't want to know too much. I don't know what the Guv'nor would think about it ; but I don't see why he need ever be told."

" Of course, he needn't ! " said Bennet reassuringly. " And look here ! If Gasbags gets on the dream-hunt again, don't go

and blurt it all out, like a bally infant. Let 'em drag it out of you with the thumb-screws. This way :

" ' You say you dreamed your father was dead. What did he die of, my boy ? '

" ' Don't know, sir.'

" ' But you *must* know, my boy.'

" ' I'd rather not say, sir.'

" ' But you've bally well *got* to tell us, my boy.'

" Here do a breakdown and blubber, ' *I* killed him, sir.' Curtain. See ? "

" That's a bit strong, isn't it ? " suggested McAlister.

" Not a bit," replied his friend ; " they're nuts on the dramatic."

On the following morning, Bennet was waiting rather anxiously in the cloisters of the quadrangle. He had a poor opinion of his friend's histrionic abilities, and, to make matters worse, the friend had had an acute attack of stage fright on the threshold of the Headmaster's door. As the minutes dragged slowly by—fifteen, thirty, forty-five—he became a prey to gnawing anxiety. Had the silly old blighter given the show

away? Had he been cornered? Were they even now dragging from him, bit by bit, the details of a nefarious conspiracy? At last, at 1.10, McAlister reappeared, pale, but with a stolid and impassive face.

"Well?" gasped Bennet, rushing up to him. "What's the verdict?"

"Not guilty," said McAlister.

"Applause in court!" cried Bennet, thumping his friend on the back. Then, drawing an arm through his, he led him into the playing fields.

"Tell us all about it," he said. "I've been sweating like a pig with sheer sky-blue funk."

"Jimmy," replied McAlister solemnly, "you're a genius. When I got into the study, Gas-bags and Joseph were both there, and they waved me into a chair. That rather bucked me—and I don't mind saying that I needed bucking. First I had to tell my yarn again. Was I sure I had actually been asleep? I was sure. Then, dreams, as arranged; only I didn't feel up to a breakdown."

"Pity!" said Bennet. "Joseph loves drama. But go on."

"That's about all," said McAlister, "except that Gas-bags asked me whether I had been very strictly brought up. That wasn't in the programme. but I said 'yes' for choice, and it seemed to clear the bunker. Then I said, I hoped they wouldn't say anything to the Guv'nor about it, and they sort of winked at one another in a friendly way; and, after that, they both went out and whispered together a bit in the hall. Then Gas-bags came back alone, shook me by the hand and said he believed my story and it was a most interesting case; only I had better not talk to anybody about it, and, if I'd go to Joseph, he'd help me. I was going to see Joseph anyhow to thank him; so that's all right."

After waiting for some communication from the Headmaster and receiving none, Mr. Usnett sent for McAlister. From him he learned, without any further details, that there had been no punishment and that the incident was, apparently, closed. Unable to reconcile himself to such a strange

conclusion of the affair, he went to the Headmaster to ask for an explanation.

"Ah! Usnett," said Dr. Tregarras cordially, when the house-master presented himself, "I am very glad you have come. I wanted to speak to you about that boy McAlister. A very interesting case indeed —a *very* interesting case; a quite remarkable instance of the father complex, you know. His unconscious self has been murdering his father in his dreams—I dragged that out of him bit by bit. He seems to have dozed during the examination, and, in his half-conscious state, the unconscious self was at work again, morally murdering —I think we might put it so—or at all events deliberately hurting his father by an act of subconscious dishonesty. He has been very strictly brought up, you know; one of those old-fashioned Puritan households which are responsible for so many of the reactions of to-day."

"I don't know about McAlister's dreams," said Mr. Usnett quietly, "but I *do* happen to know that, far from being strictly brought up, he was allowed to run practically wild

till he was twelve, on a large Australian farm. Consequently, he badly needs a firm hand and strict discipline. As for the father—he happens to be in England, if you wish to see him—I can assure you that he is anything but a Puritan."

Mr. Usnett's eyes lit up involuntarily with laughter as he spoke the last words ; but, fortunately, the iron curtain had descended in time, and Dr. Tregarras was able to reply firmly, but without any obvious trace of annoyance :

" My dear fellow, I'm afraid we can't discuss first principles. In matters of this kind the judgment of the Headmaster must be final. Discipline," he added kindly, " is a valuable servant, but a bad master. We mustn't be hide-bound, Usnett ; we mustn't be hide-bound."

A fortnight later McAlister came into his friend's study with a gloomy brow.

" Jimmy," he said, " I'm getting a bit fed up with your Mr. Joseph ! "

" What's the matter with Joseph ? " asked Bennet.

" He's too damned inquisitive," said

McAlister, " that's what's the matter with Joseph. Presumes on a very slight acquaintance to ask indelicate questions. Look here, Jimmy, you switched him on. I wish the devil you'd switch him off."

" Try Tarzan," said Bennet.

" Daren't," replied McAlister. " Tarzan knows too much ; and it's my belief that he smells a rat."

" Of course he does, you silly old kangaroo," said Bennet. " Tarzan's not a psycho. But he won't give you away. Besides, he isn't nuts on the gentle Joseph. Have a shot."

Tarzan, however, refused to intervene personally, and there was a dangerous twinkle in his eye as he remarked : " You have made your own bed, McAlister, and you have got to lie in it. It was with your own consent, and with the Headmaster's approval, that you arranged these little *tête-à-têtes* with Mr. Parfit, and I don't see how I can interfere. Of course, if your father expressed any objection, that would be a different matter. But he has not raised any such objec-

tions, and I presume you have told him."

"I believe," said McAlister, reporting the results of the interview to his friend, "I believe Tarzan wants me to write to the Guv'nor. Anyhow, I'm going to, and I shall lay it on thick."

Mr. Usnett did not pretend to himself to be surprised when, a few days later, he received a letter from the parent in question; but he was rather startled by the violence of the sentiments which it expressed. "This d—d nonsense," wrote Mr. McAlister, "is to stop at once. When I sent my son to Rimple Rising (*sic*) I sent him to a school and not to a lunatic asylum. Tell your so-called Headmaster that if he doesn't dismiss this Mr. Parfit on the spot I shall come down with a horsewhip and take the law into my own hands. Kindly inform all concerned of my intentions."

As in duty bound, and not without an inward chuckle, Mr. Usnett took the letter to the Headmaster. Dr. Tregarras was no fanatic, only an earnest seeker after truth, and he disliked scandals.

"A very foolish parent," he said; "a very foolish and violent man. There has obviously been a misunderstanding. You had better leave the letter for me to answer. I will see Parfit. Parfit has been very kind. He has done a great deal for the boy; I have myself been able to note a marked improvement in him. But, for the present, perhaps, the interviews had better stop. A very foolish and ungrateful parent."

It is not known whether Mr. Parfit was ever shown the letter; but, somehow or other, the story leaked out, and one fine morning a toy whip appeared on his desk, with a label attached to it, on which was written: "To Joseph: a present from Australia."

Shortly afterwards, too, Mr. Mason was again seen pacing up and down the asphalt paths of the quadrangle side by side with the Headmaster. The gravity of his demeanour was phenomenal; but the conversation seemed to have sharpened his appetite, for at dinner in common room he asked for a second helping of very tough beef.

CHAPTER VII

MR. TUPWORTHY

Of all the wild men whom Dr. Tregarras had gathered round him, none was wilder in outward appearance than Mr. Edward Tupworthy. With his lean limbs, encased in garments of strange cut and fabric, his long hair and unkempt beard, his rapid movements and voluble speech, he would not have seemed out of place at a gathering of minor poets or a meeting of the Third International. Yet, in spite of this alarming exterior, there was nobody at Dawnhope who had a gentler disposition, nobody who was more entirely free from any taint or suspicion of a sense of humour. A friendly critic once observed that the masters at Dawnhope reminded him of milestones, marking the various stages of progress in Dr. Tregarras's spiritual development. If we may adopt the metaphor, it would not be unfair to say that Mr. Edward Tupworthy

stood for the period at which the great Headmaster had been temporarily drawn towards vegetarianism and Jaeger boots. He had been known to the school by many names—the Neolithic Man, Kruger, Tirpitz, the Tishbite, and finally, quite simply, Tish. With his wife, child, and a magnificent Persian cat, he lived in a cottage close to the school playing fields—a cottage set among pleasant trees, with green shutters, a garden of herbs, and a diminutive lawn. The brick wall on one side of the garden was also the boundary wall of Mr. Usnett's back premises, and, by mutual agreement, the door in it was used by Mr. Usnett when he went into the playing fields, and by Mr. Tupworthy when he was bound for the quadrangle.

On this diminutive lawn it was Mr. Tupworthy's habit to appear, *in puris naturalibus*, while the lark was still carolling in the sky and the grass still wet with dew, to perform certain rites that formed an integral part in his pursuit of health. There was nothing bacchic in these rites, nothing unseemly, nothing that would have shocked

the earliest Christian. With outspread arms, Mr. Tupworthy would whirl himself from side to side, or stoop in various attitudes of contortion, or stand, like a pelican, on one leg, while he rubbed his stomach with one hand and patted his hips with the other ; and, all the while, he would draw in the morning air in deep breaths, and emit it again suddenly with a sharp sound that somewhat resembled the bark of a wolf. Then, after taking one hundred skips with a skipping rope, he would wrap his gaunt frame in a large white towel and withdraw to the privacy of the cottage.

Of this innocent ritual Mr. Usnett was wholly unaware, nor is there any obvious reason why the boys in his house should not have continued to share his ignorance. For, though the windows of the two top dormitories commanded a view of the cottage garden, the hour at which Mr. Tupworthy celebrated his mysteries was the one when youth is generally enjoying its deepest and most innocent sleep. Mr. Usnett always surmised that, in some unguarded moment, his neighbour must have

revealed to the boys the secret of this morning cult, but it was a letter from Mr. Tupworthy himself that first made him aware both of the cult and of the interest which his boys were taking in it.

"DEAR MR. USNETT"—it ran—"It is my practice to go through certain physical exercises in my garden, at an hour when I have always felt reasonably sure of absolute privacy. For the last few mornings, however, I have been subjected to some annoyance, and I regret to say that I have strong reasons for suspecting the boys in your house. Several pieces of soap, and a hair brush, have fallen, not actually on me, but sufficiently close to make it practically certain that they were aimed at my person. As on each occasion my back was turned towards your house, I could not see who threw the missiles. Perhaps the brush, which I am returning, may be of use in identifying my assailants. At all events, I should be glad if you would take steps to prevent a recurrence of the incident.

"Yours very truly,

"EDWARD TUPWORTHY."

Mr. Usnett took what he believed to be the necessary steps, and replied as follows :

" DEAR MR. TUPWORTHY,—I am extremely sorry that your morning exercises have been disturbed by boys in my house, and I have taken measures which, I hope, will prevent a repetition of the annoyance. The owner of the brush admits that he threw it, but insists that he threw it at a dog that was barking in your garden, and that he had no idea that you were there. Two other boys confess that they have watched you for several mornings, but deny having thrown the soap. I have told them that, in future, they are to curb their curiosity. I hope you will not think too hardly of them. You know the immense interest that the British schoolboy always takes in any form of athletic prowess.

" Yours very truly,

" W. USNETT."

To this note Mr. Tupworthy replied immediately :

" DEAR MR. USNETT,—Thank you for your prompt action. I have no wish to

think hardly of any boys in your house, but I sincerely hope you will not imagine that the simple exercises in which I indulge are in any way connected with athletics, properly so called, with which I have never felt any sympathy. They form part, on the contrary, of a rational system of hygiene, of which the little pamphlet enclosed will give you a more detailed account.

" Yours very truly,

" EDWARD TUPWORTHY."

Mr. Usnett set the writer's mind at rest, thanked him for the interesting pamphlet, and trusted that the incident was closed. But two days later, immediately after breakfast, Mr. Tupworthy was ushered into his study, evidently in a state of great mental excitement.

" I am sorry for troubling you again," he began, " but I wish to show you my leg." And, before the astonished house-master could either refuse or accept the strange offer, Mr. Tupworthy had bared his calf, and, pointing to a round red mark in the centre of it, exclaimed :

" I received that this morning. I don't know whether you have found time yet to study the pamphlet I sent you. If you have, you will remember that you begin Exercise 11 by standing on the left leg, with outstretched arms, and gently rubbing the calf with the disengaged foot. I was engaged in this exercise, when something struck me sharply, as you see, on the centre of the right calf. If not a bullet, it must have been some other form of hard pellet ; and, considering the distance, it must almost certainly have been fired from a catapult. My back was turned to the house, so I did not see my assailant. It is possible that the bullet, or pellet, was fired, not so much with the object of inflicting pain, as of directing my attention to a large placard, suspended from one of the windows, and bearing the word 'NAUGHTY' printed in capital letters. I think that that is an extremely improper word for a boy to use to any of his masters ; and when you have caught the delinquent, I hope you will make it clear to him that, in my opinion, ' Naughty ' is an exact description of his own conduct."

Mr. Usnett apologised and promised immediate redress. The owner of the catapult was discovered, beaten, and sent round to Mr. Tupworthy to apologise. And there, no doubt, the matter would have ended, if it had not been for Bimbo.

Bimbo, known to the school register as Hogge, was the son of a wealthy brewer. Nature had endowed him with the face, figure, and rich voice of a born low comedian. He had the gait and gestures that provoke laughter, the solemn eyes and mobile mouth that can set an audience in a roar, and a gift for mimicking his masters, which had more than once incurred the extreme displeasure of Mr. Mason, who had even gone to the length of describing him publicly as "a low buffoon." On the other hand, he was regarded by the school as a licensed jester, and it was a proof of his popularity that, although he was a thick and thin Clodhopper, the Hoppers, after a brief period of hesitation, had accepted him as a privileged and welcome addition to life.

To Bimbo it seemed that all the possi-

bilities involved in Mr. Tupworthy's eccentricity had not yet been exploited. So, being a man of ample means, he provided himself with a sun-bonnet, a shawl, and two long plaits of golden hair, and, having disguised himself in this borrowed plumage, he prepared one morning to climb the brick wall which bounded the cottage garden, at the hour when Mr. Tupworthy performed his simple exercises. Meanwhile, the greater part of the house was watching from the dormitory windows above, in a state of barely suppressed hysterics. An elaborate system of electric bells made it theoretically impossible for a boy to leave his dormitory floor without raising such a storm of sound as would have awaked the seven sleepers ; but, in practice, the spread of scientific knowledge among the youth of England has rendered such precautions innocuous, and Bimbo found no difficulty in reaching the back yard without sounding the alarm bells.

Mr. Tupworthy was just beginning the eleventh exercise (a rather intricate affair) when the sound of his own name, "Edward,"

"Edward!"

uttered in tones of gentle reproach from the wall immediately behind him, caused him to turn round sharply ; and, at sight of a sun-bonnet and two plaits of golden hair, he fled precipitately into the house, while some twenty or thirty boys in the dormitories above rolled on the floor, gasping and moaning in the agonies of excessive mirth.

Mr. Usnett was blissfully ignorant of what had happened, when a note from Mr. Tupworthy, which reached him at breakfast, caused him no little surprise and perplexity.

"DEAR MR. USNETT"—it ran—"I am sorry to trouble you, but I have again been subjected to considerable annoyance in connection with my daily exercises. This time the trouble comes, not from your boys, but from one of your maids. You know the early hour at which I practise these exercises, with the object of securing complete privacy. To-day, while I was doing Exercise II, I observed this girl peering at me over the wall which separates our two properties, and her conduct was so importunate

that I was obliged to take refuge in the house. Naturally, I do not know who she is ; but a sun-bonnet she was wearing may help you to identify her. In any case, I hope you will take immediate steps to protect me from any repetition of the annoyance.

" Yours very truly,
" EDWARD TUPWORTHY."

To this Mr. Usnett replied later in the day :

" DEAR MR. TUPWORTHY,—Are you sure that the girl who was peering over the wall is one of my maids ? At a time like the present, when servants are difficult to get and equally difficult to keep, you will understand how careful one has to be in prosecuting inquiries of this nature. My cook, in whom I have every confidence, assures me that none of the maids was up at the hour at which you take your exercise, and that none of them possesses a sun-bonnet. Do you think that you can possibly have made a mistake ? In any case, I do not see how I can make any further inquiries, unless you

can provide me with more detailed particulars.

" Yours very truly,
" W. USNETT."

Mr. Usnett was, as we have said, extremely perplexed; but an atmosphere of unusual gaiety in his house, and an indefinable sensation that something was on foot about which he was being purposely kept in the dark, turned his suspicions into a new channel. So, at the grey of dawn on the following morning, he slipped on a dressing-gown, took the unnecessary precaution of switching off the electric current, and descended to a suitable ambush in the lower regions of the house. And there, shortly afterwards, Bimbo had an unexpected and very unwelcome encounter with his house-master.

But Mr. Tupworthy never knew which of Mr. Usnett's maids had called him " Edward."

CHAPTER VIII

FLEET STREET HEARS

Dr. Tregarras had announced to the staff his intention of launching a new curriculum in the early part of the winter term. The scheme was then to be discussed in detail and to come into operation with the New Year. Some surprise, therefore, was felt when the new curriculum was issued in the second week of July, accompanied with an announcement that it would come into force the following term. The reasons for this sudden change of plan were not obvious till the end of September, when the headmasters of several of the leading public schools published similar schemes for the benefit of their own pupils. Dr. Tregarras had stolen a march, and the many days he had spent away from Dawnhope had not been wasted. The man who lingers by his own fireside is not the man who picks up the first rumours of the market-place. In the

race for honours it is of prime importance to be first in the field, to seem to be the leader and make others appear followers ; and to be first in the field, it is necessary to secure the earliest information of what is happening, or going to happen, elsewhere. Dr. Tregarras was a competitor in the race for honours, and nobody could blame him for cherishing legitimate ambitions. A man who is conscious, humbly conscious, of prophetic vision and a tireless physical activity may well aspire to build more than one New Jerusalem ; and the Jerusalems which are set upon the highest hills catch the first rays of the dawn. All that can reasonably be expected of a headmaster is that he shall sing sweetly and strongly from his own particular perch. Nothing forbids him to keep a steadfast eye on the yet loftier perches. They may some day become vacant, and he may feel " a call " to mount them. It was a conscious, or unconscious, recognition of this principle that urged Dr. Tregarras to be first in the field with educational reform ; only the haste with which, at the last moment, he had to marshal his

forces led to some confusion in the staff work.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Dr. Tregarras had not thought out the problems of education very deeply; and, in this respect, he was not unique among educational reformers. But, more perhaps than any of his rivals, he had thought out the problem of the shop window. An admirer once described him as "a fearless opportunist." He had rightly gauged the strength of the current that had set in against the study of the classics. It has often been observed that the British people are mentally lazy. To follow the lucidity of Greek thought, to unravel the mazes of a Ciceronian sentence, or discover the exact word which will not mis-translate Vergil, all require a kind of concentration which is hateful to the indolent mind. The public for whom Dr. Tregarras catered did not despise knowledge; but they were convinced that, in an age of labour-saving appliances, their boys ought no longer to be forced to climb, on foot, up steep and fatiguing slopes. An up-to-date school

should drive them to the desired goal in charabancs, along a level, well-tarred road. Dr. Tregarras, who was mentally lazy himself, shared the opinion of the public, and his new scheme was an attempt to realise it in practice. The full text of the manifesto is too long for reproduction in a story of this kind, but it may be briefly summarised.

The first draft, which was the one communicated to the Press, ran as follows :

The War has taught us the necessity of substituting for the jejune and sterile intellectual fare hitherto supplied in the public schools, a broader, fuller and more nutritious diet. As the plant sucks moisture from dawn and sunset, earth and air, the growing soul should draw its nourishment from art and science, literature and philosophy, history and psychology, and even from its own limbs.

The normal boy passes through four stages in the course of his intellectual development.

1. 0–7 Receptive period.
2. 7–14. Creative period.
3. 14–17 Imitative, or linguistic, period.
4. 17–20. Scientific period.

It is assumed that by the time he enters his public school a boy will have reached the second of these stages.

In the course, however, of a rather desultory conversation at two masters' meet-

ings, held to discuss the scheme, Mr. Fairbottle, who had a taste for statistics, pointed out that, at Dawnhope, there were twenty-seven boys over seventeen in the lower forms of the school, and thirty-one boys under seventeen in the upper forms, and that, consequently, fifty-eight boys would be receiving a mental diet unsuited to their stage of development. Accordingly, in the final draft, Dr. Tregarras amended the table as follows :

1. 0–7 Receptive and creative period.
2. 7–14 Creative and imitative period.
3. 14–17 Imitative and scientific period.
4. 17–20 Scientific period proper.

There should be an element of each in all and of all in each of these periods.

And he added as a footnote, " Individual cases will receive special treatment."

There followed a detailed account of the pabulum to be provided for each of these three periods.

PERIOD 2.—SHELLS AND LOWER SCHOOL.

Either

(*a*) 1. Elements of Theology. 2. Original English.

3. Arithmetic. 4. Eurhythmics. 5. Oral French or Latin. 6. Nature Study. 7. Elements of Biology.

Or

(*b*) 1. Original English. 2. Elements of Theology. 3. Dancing. 4. Arithmetic. 5. Elementary Physics or Chemistry, or both. 6. Oral French. 7. Book-keeping.

Or

(*c*) 1. Elementary Biology, with Chemistry and Physics, or either. 2. Elements of Theology. 3. Original English. 4. Oral French or Latin. 5. Eurhythmics or Physical Training. 6. Arithmetic.

Or

(*d*) All three combined, with the exception of (*a*) 6, (*b*) 3 and 7, and (*c*) 4.

In connection with this part of the programme, Mr. Usnett asked what exactly was meant by "Original English," and was informed that it meant, that each form would write a combined play in the course of the term, and, if possible, act it.

Mr. Frazer asked excitedly how he was going to teach theology to the Middle Shell, but grew calmer when he learned that theology for his form meant the first and second Books of Samuel.

The only other criticism came from Mr. Winthrop, who complained that insufficient time was allotted to the natural sciences.

PERIOD 3.—INTENSIVE STUDY OF LANGUAGES. THE REMOVES.

Either

(*a*) 1. English Literature (including the Bible). 2. French and one, or more, of the following: Spanish, German, Italian and Czecho-Slovac. 3. History from original sources. 4. Mathematics. 5. Biology, Chemistry, Physics and Botany. 6. Morris-dancing.

Or

(*b*) 1. Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry and Physics. 2. The Religions of the World. 3. French. 4. English Literature. 5. Mathematics. 6. Elements of Agriculture.

Or

(*c*) 1. Shorthand. 2. English Literature (including the Bible). 3. French and German or French and Spanish. 4. Chemistry and Physics. 5. Mathematics. 6. Ear-training through dance and song.

Or

(*d*) A combination of all three with the exception of (*a*) 3, (*b*) 2 and 6, and (*c*) 6.

In connection with this period, Mr. Usnett observed that no provision had apparently been made for the teaching of Latin; but Dr. Tregarras pointed out that this objection had been foreseen and met by the footnote in Section 1.

The only other criticism came from Mr. Winthrop, who complained that insufficient

time was allotted to the teaching of the natural sciences.

PERIOD 4.—SPECIALISATION.

THE UPPER SCHOOL.

Either

(*a*) 1. The Modern Drama. 2. Advanced Latin. 3. Chemistry and Physics. 4. Greek Thought. 5. Mediæval Literature. 6. Psychology.

Or

(*b*) 1. Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Botany and Zoology. 2. Psychology. 3. The Higher Mathematics. 4. Modern Poetry.

Or

(*c*) 1. French. 2. Spanish and Czecho-Slovac. 3. Psychology. 4. Botany and Zoology.

Or

(*d*) 1. Higher Mathematics. 2. Zoology, Botany, Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Astronomy. 3. Psychology. 4. Modern History.

Mr. Usnett asked whether there was much value in teaching Greek thought to boys who had no acquaintance with Greek literature. To this Dr. Tregarras replied that the objection had been foreseen, and that it was met by the footnote appended to Section 1.

Mr. Winthrop again complained that

insufficient time was assigned to the study of the natural sciences.

The re-shuffling of routines necessitated by the new curriculum caused many bitter disappointments. Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit had both asked to be allowed to take the psychology. After some hesitation, the Headmaster had awarded the plum to Mr. Mason. By way of compensation, he invited Mr. Parfit to take charge of the dancing department, which included, of course, eurhythmics and Morris-dancing, and, in doing so, he emphasised the importance he attached to this branch of learning as a means of self-expression. But the post brought no happiness to Mr. Parfit. In the light of a fuller knowledge he had learned to recognise in all forms of dancing an "inverted inhibition," prevalent among adults who have been compelled in childhood to sit on hard chairs.

Owing to the extreme difficulty of fitting all the subjects to be taught into individual time-tables, Mr. Usnett found himself saddled with agriculture, and Mr. Tupworthy with book-keeping. Greek thought

was assigned to Mr. Fairbottle, whose knowledge of Greek literature was limited to the hasty perusal of a crib to Xenophon, for purposes of examination. But Dr. Tregarras told him not to bind himself down to any rigid syllabus ; and, in the iniquities of capitalists, both in the ancient and modern world, Mr. Fairbottle found a theme that inspired him to flights of Attic eloquence.

When the final draft of the new educational course had been printed and circulated to parents, Dr. Tregarras surveyed his finished work and found that it was very good—so good, indeed, that he was moved to write an uplifting message to his boys, couched in the somewhat biblical language to which he was addicted in moments of extreme exaltation.

To the Boys of Dawnhope.

At dawn I have seen visions and at sunset I have dreamed dreams. I have seen the lion eating herbs and the conies gathering wisdom. For in the pursuit of true knowledge shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

Dr. Tregarras had a good press for his

venture. A respectable provincial daily hailed in the new curriculum "the first bit of constructive statesmanship of the twentieth century," and a London weekly, reputed to be sane, had an article on him, entitled, "An Enlightened Scholar." And, greatest triumph of all, he was allowed, in August, to join in the chorus of praise and thanksgiving with which the headmasters of some of the leading public schools celebrated their own achievements in the columns of the *Mercury*. Dr. Tregarras's "whoop!" had resounded through Fleet Street. Surely, before long, it must reach the ears of the listening Samuel.

CHAPTER IX

MRS. TREGARRAS

When the school reassembled after the summer holidays the numbers had risen by fifty, and there was talk of building a new boarding-house. The Grammar House had increased from seventy to eighty, and Mr. Usnett had five boys sleeping on the private side of his house. It was generally supposed that it was business in connection with this new boarding-house that took Dr. Tregarras away from Dawnhope rather frequently about this time—sometimes as often as three times in the week; and it was known that he had purchased a season ticket. Meanwhile, he left the affairs of his house in the capable hands of his wife, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Parfit. The school, as he was fond of saying, was so well organised that it ran itself.

Mrs. Tregarras, generally known to the boys as "Ma Gas-bags," made an admir-

able wife to a somewhat impulsive husband. She was much occupied in repairing the accidents caused by that husband's autocratic behaviour, rubbing ointment into bruises, or sticking together with seccotine the bits of broken crockery which his impetuosity had swept off the board. Thus it was that Mr. Usnett and Mr. Frazer found themselves invited, early in the term, to dinner at the Grammar House, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tupworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbottle, and Mrs. Tregarras's own brother, a business man of genial temper, who suffered under the omniscience of his brother-in-law and generally cut his visits to the Grammar House rather short.

Mr. Usnett's relations with his chief had, so far, been polite but not cordial. They were not exactly strained, because, instead of pulling at the rope, Mr. Usnett allowed himself to be pulled. But between men of such different temperaments sympathy was impossible; and Dr. Tregarras demanded sympathy as his due. To Mr. Usnett the New Jerusalem was "eye-wash." He was silent about his feelings, but he suffered

through his silence. He had not the gift of letting off accumulated steam in passion. Laughter would have been a relief, but there was nobody with whom he could laugh freely, except Mr. Frazer ; and a consideration for his house tutor's position and prospects made him reluctant to employ this safety-valve too often. On the other hand, Dr. Tregarras, though he could formulate no definite charge against his subordinate —for to Dr. Tregarras all masters were subordinates—had often read a suppressed mockery in his eyes ; and suppressed mockery is as irritating to a sensitive man as an open gibe. He had not consciously said to himself that he and Mr. Usnett must part. If Mr. Usnett had suddenly announced his intention of retiring, full of years and honours, he would have grasped him warmly by the hand and exclaimed that his departure was a great loss to the school, and a personal blow to himself, but he would not have pressed him to stay.

Mr. Usnett had, of course, entertained Dr. and Mrs. Tregarras in his own house soon after their arrival, and had, in return,

dined once at the Grammar House. But, considering the antipathy that existed between himself and his chief, he did not imagine that their private intercourse would go beyond this formal interchange of civilities. Consequently, in the unexpected invitation to " dine quietly " at the Grammar House (no dress), he saw a desire on the part of the Headmaster to establish friendlier personal relations—a desire to which he felt bound to respond as cordially as he was able.

When, however, the guests assembled in the drawing-room, Mrs. Tregarras began with profuse apologies. Her husband had wired to say that he was detained in town by very urgent business and would not be back before midnight. He would be bitterly disappointed. He had been so looking forward to this evening—he had talked of nothing else.

Mrs. Tregarras was not one of those fortunate people who can " lie like truth." Mr. Usnett glanced involuntarily at Mr. Frazer, and read his own thoughts clearly reflected in the eyes of his friend. The

party was " Ma Gas-bag's " party, and Dr. Tregarras took so little interest in it that he had either forgotten it altogether or was purposely avoiding it. Everybody felt more or less slighted—everybody, that is to say, except Mr. Thompson, whose spirits always rose perceptibly when his brother-in-law was away. A trivial family incident relieved the feeling of *gêne* which had followed the apologies. The children had not yet gone to bed, and George, the youngest, was playing with his father's mortar-board. Suddenly he flung it into the air and allowed it to fall on the floor. Mrs. Tregarras picked it up and took it away from him, with the remark, " I don't know what Daddy would say if he saw you playing with his best cap." To which the child replied, " I ain't afraid of Daddy."

" George takes after his father," laughed the uncle; " he isn't afraid of anybody and he likes to have his own way."

Mrs. Tregarras frowned at her brother significantly, and, at that moment, the butler announced that dinner was ready.

Mr. Usnett took in his hostess, and he

soon realised that she was intent on " pouring in oil and wine."

As she expatiated on her husband's interest in the past history of the school, his desire to reconcile the old and the new, his respect for the opinions of others, even when he disagreed with them, Mr. Usnett became seriously alarmed lest his eyes should betray him. The only remedy he could think of was to pretend to himself that he had a bad toothache, and to assume the facial expression that accompanies severe pain. By dint of hard thinking, he even succeeded in eliciting a few twinges from an uncertain tooth. So successful was his manœuvre, that Mrs. Tregarras used ever afterwards to say, when his name was mentioned, " Poor Mr. Usnett ! He has such sad eyes. One can see that he has suffered a great deal." Mr. Usnett was not himself aware of the impression he had created, but, at least on one critical occasion, he derived substantial benefit from it.

Mr. and Mrs. Tupworthy always retired to bed at half-past nine, and their going

was the signal for the break-up of the party.

"'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark," said Mr. Usnett to his house tutor, as they walked back across the quadrangle. "What did you think of it? Come in and have a smoke."

"If you ask me," replied Mr. Frazer, "I think it was most infernally rude. And as for the urgent business—well, he may tell that to the Horse Marines."

"And I'm not one of the Horse Marines," said Mr. Usnett. "But I was sorry for Missis. She seems a decent sort of soul."

"Infernally rude," repeated Mr. Frazer. "I shan't go *there* again in a hurry."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Usnett meditatively, "that things are going to be rather difficult."

"Going to be!" groaned the tutor. "Why, it's like living in a lunatic asylum already!"

"And lunacy is progressive," said Mr. Usnett. "I'm always afraid of being tempted to say something I might regret

afterwards—especially if there is any more McAlistering."

"Parfit took a bit of a toss over that," said Mr. Frazer more cheerfully. "It was one on the beak for the psychos."

"Yes," replied Mr. Usnett gravely, "but I hear on good authority that Mason is taking up telepathy."

"Oh, lor!" said Mr. Frazer.

CHAPTER X

THE RECKLESSNESS OF MR. USNETT

On a certain night, never forgotten by those who experienced it, a wandering Zeppelin had dropped a bomb on Rimple Rising. The bomb had fallen in the playing fields, but, beyond making a hideous noise and severely shaking the chapel, it had done no damage. Many saw in this attack a convincing proof of the irreligious character of the Huns ; a few, more charitably inclined, maintained that the commander must have been a man of taste, who had wished to rid the world of an eye-sore. Whichever explanation was the true one, the fact remained that, after a considerable lapse of time, the chapel had become unsafe, and that Dr. Tregarras had got to repair it. As the Government contested the claim. and the council had no money, there was no alternative but to appeal to the parents. Dr. Tregarras was well aware that a bald

invitation to help in rebuilding the House of God would not kindle sparks in Hampstead and Golders Green, or unloose purse-strings there, so, at the end of the circular, he introduced a more alluring phrase.

"In the event of sufficient funds being forthcoming, we hope to be able to make certain structural alterations which will enable us to utilise the sacred building for purposes which, though they are morally uplifting, are not generally associated with Divine worship."

Dr. Tregarras had not yet thought out clearly what the "morally uplifting purposes" were; but he trusted to the inspiration of the moment, and his faith was rewarded by an anonymous donation of £100 "from a broad mind to one that is even broader." With characteristic energy the Doctor set the builder to work before he had raised the funds, and, during the Advent and following terms, the Sunday services were held in the Big School.

Dr. Tregarras was always quick to seize an opportunity for promoting that "fuller life" which was the keynote of his educa-

tional policy. He wished to encourage in his boys the feeling that their opinion on all such questions as concerned their own development counted with him at least as much as that of their masters. It was his aim, if not to set them thinking, at least to get them talking. It was common to hear his old pupils remark in after life, "Tregarras was the first man who took me seriously"; sometimes they would add sadly, "and the last." The Doctor always felt that the chapel services were hedged about with restrictions which tended to impair their spiritual value, but which he was powerless to remove. It is true that the prefects read the lessons, that the boys chose the hymns, and that each individual boy was at liberty to join in the responses and take a part in the singing, if he felt so disposed. But these are purely devotional exercises, and do not encourage that spiritual initiative which is the crowning grace in a young soul. Dr. Tregarras was convinced that, in the freer atmosphere of the Big School, something might be done for the promotion of spiritual initiative.

So, after a long talk with Mr. Mason and a shorter one with Mr. Parfit, he announced at a masters' meeting that, after much prayerful thought, he had determined to invite certain carefully selected boys and, possibly, one or two of the lay masters, to address the school, from time to time, at the morning services on Sundays. He would not call it "preaching." It was to be something more in the nature of a quiet, informal talk than a set sermon. "The religious experiences of boys," said the Headmaster, "have a peculiar interest for their fellows, and may prove helpful even to their elders." Mr. Usnett said nothing; he relieved his feelings by writing on a slip of paper, "What about Bimbo?" and passing it to Mr. Frazer.

Perhaps as a reward for his silence, perhaps as a shining instance of tact, but more probably because Dr. Tregarras was certain that he would refuse, Mr. Usnett found himself invited to join the select band of preachers. And, to everybody's intense surprise, Mr. Usnett accepted. The reasons which he gave to Mr. Frazer for this unex-

pected step were as follows: "I have no objection in principle," he said, "to lay preachers; and, under existing circumstances, a refusal on my part would certainly be construed as an objection—another proof of cantankerous opposition. I think the idea of putting boys into the pulpit is ludicrous; but, if the boys are going to preach, I think it is just as well that the masters shouldn't abdicate. I am not conscious of any call, but I expect that I could talk quite as good sense as Mason, if I tried."

The boy whom Dr. Tregarras and Mr. Mason had selected to open, and convincingly justify the experiment, was one Lemuel, a dark, olive-skinned youth, for whom the lime-light had no terrors, and who had taken the school by storm at the performance of "Charley's Aunt." On the fourth Sunday of the term, amid the hush of breathless expectation, Lemuel strode to the reading-desk, with glistening hair, a handkerchief that exuded scent, and a single sheet of writing paper, containing a few pencilled notes. Calmly he folded his

arms and rested them on the desk ; calmly he surveyed the expectant congregation. Then, without lifting his eyes or altering his pose, he said quietly, but emphatically, " It's damned cold ! "

The words were profoundly true, for there had been an October frost that morning and the heating apparatus was not on ; but the sensation they produced was even more profound. Dr. Tregarras sat bolt upright as if he had received a sudden discharge from an electric battery ; many of the masters flushed and wriggled uneasily in their chairs ; and the boys looked at each other mutely, not knowing whether to laugh or be shocked. After a pause of several seconds, to give the sensation its fullest scope, Lemuel unfolded his arms, lifted a warning hand, as if to command silence, and continued :

" Such were the words that greeted my ears, as I came into this building half an hour ago." Then tersely, wittily and impressively, without a moment's hesitation for the right word or a glance at his notes, he dealt with the question of profanity.

When, at the conclusion of the address, he strode back to his place, the school broke out into spontaneous applause, with difficulty repressed by a "Sh-sh-sh-sh" from the masters.

In the quadrangle afterwards the air was full of self-congratulations and thanksgivings. Only Mr. Frazer had a sulky expression and avoided his colleagues. Mr. Mason was almost indecently jubilant. "Who dares to say now," he exclaimed, "that our system does not produce clever boys? Which of your vaunted schools, Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse or Rugby, could have produced a boy like Lemuel?" Mr. Usnett, who was passing at the moment, took the remarks as partially addressed to himself, and replied quietly:

"Yes, an excellent sermon. I don't think the most advanced Anglican could have objected to it. Somehow it recalled my youth to me."

The last phrase was ambiguous, but Mr. Mason did not notice the ambiguity. When an enemy hauls down his flag, the victor can afford to be gracious; and Mr. Mason

was prepared to be gracious. But Mr. Usnett did not linger in the quadrangle. He went straight up to his study, and, from the top shelf of one of the book-cases, took down a volume bound in faded blue. He opened it, turned over the leaves, came to a pause, and shut it again, murmuring, "I thought so."

Mr. Usnett had undertaken to address the school on the next Sunday but one. For the ensuing fortnight he was more than usually silent. Lemuel was the hero of the hour, but Mr. Usnett did not join in the hero-worship. He seemed to be purposely avoiding his colleagues, and Mr. Frazer thought him rather highly strung. There was in Mr. Usnett a certain vein of recklessness which, on rare occasions, conflicted with his habitual caution. It was the cause of his undergraduate debts, and it had also led to the exposure of the third regrettable scandal which had nearly done for Rimple Rising. Mr. Usnett was aware that he was about to take a step which might well prove to be a reckless one; but he had been sorely provoked. If he had known that on the

sixth Sunday of the term Dr. Tregarras had an engagement to preach elsewhere, and that he had already communicated to the *Glove* an article entitled, " Boy Preachers. A Successful Experiment," Mr. Usnett might possibly have held his hand. But he was not aware of these facts ; and, when he addressed them from the reading-desk in the Big School, Mr. Usnett provided his hearers with a second sensation.

Those who had sat near him during the service had noted that he was distinctly nervous. He took no part in the responses, he swallowed frequently, and he was much troubled by a little dry cough. When he was seen advancing uneasily to the desk, holding a volume, bound in faded blue, Mr. Parfit whispered to his neighbour, " Good God ! The man's going to read ! "

Mr. Usnett opened the volume with rather shaky fingers and began :

" Two Sundays ago, we all listened with great appreciation to an admirable sermon, admirably delivered, which was first preached——" At this point Mr. Usnett was stopped by a fit of coughing. When he

had mastered it, he continued, " which was first preached many years ago by the celebrated Dr. Spurgeon, in a Baptist Chapel, known as the City Tabernacle."

In the dead silence which followed these words Mr. Usnett coughed again. Then he resumed :

" The enthusiasm with which that sermon was received by young and old alike, has encouraged me to read to you another discourse from the same volume—a discourse which, in my opinion, is even better than the one to which we listened a fortnight ago."

It cannot be pretended that the discourse, which Mr. Usnett regarded as the better one, met with the success it deserved. The masters drooped upon their chairs, like moulting fowls, and the boys shuffled uneasily with their feet. When the preacher finished, he was greeted with no applause, and, as he passed in silence through the quadrangle, Mr. Mason turned his back on him ostentatiously. However, as he was replacing the volume on its accustomed shelf, Mr. Frazer burst into the study,

as strongly as if he had been crossing the goal line with a winning try.

"Mag-nificent!" he cried. "The wild men have never had such a doing in all their lives. You simply wiped the floor with them. Glory be! It was the finest show I've ever seen!"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Usnett, with rather a wan smile, "I have behaved like a boy. I have exposed, not a Lemuel, but a system and all the people behind it. I rather expect that I have committed suicide."

"Bosh!" cried Mr. Frazer. "They haven't a leg to stand on."

"I know," replied his house-master, "but you didn't see Mason's back."

"Mason's back be blowed!" said Mr. Frazer. "You didn't say a single word that anybody could take hold of—not a word that was disrespectful to a soul. You did it splendidly, and facts are facts."

"Yes," replied Mr. Usnett, "facts are facts, but Tregarras is Tregarras; and, as thy soul liveth, Frazer, there is but a step betwixt death and me."

CHAPTER XI

CHALK

Mr. Usnett was perfectly justified in his forebodings. The number of steps that separated him from death was the exact number which Dr. Tregarras's page would have had to take between the door of the Grammar House and the door of Mr. Usnett's house in the delivery of a letter which had been written and addressed. For, when Dr. Tregarras came home on the Sunday evening and heard what had happened, he was filled with a fierce and burning indignation. Mr. Mason, who was his informant, instead of trying to extinguish the flames, poured paraffin upon them whenever they showed signs of dying down. In the person of Lemuel, the child of his bosom, Mr. Mason had been wounded to the quick. Sometimes he was like a lion roaring for its stricken whelp; sometimes like Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be

comforted ; and in all the phases of his grief there was a strong element of a Mr. Mason who did not enjoy being laughed at. "There cannot be two headmasters at Dawnhope," said Dr. Tregarras firmly, as he bade his tutor "Good-night." And, with that, he sat down and wrote out the death warrant of the pretender. But the hour was late, and the page had gone to bed. Having written his letter and relieved his outraged feelings, Dr. Tregarras felt better. He reflected that Mr. Usnett might have gone to bed too, and that the delivery of the warrant might as well wait till Monday morning. This delay gave time for gentler influences to come into play. If Mr. Mason's anguish had permitted him to be briefer, Mr. Usnett would have been a doomed man.

Mrs. Tregarras seldom interfered in affairs of state. When she did, it was always on the side of moderation. In the privacy of her bedchamber she marked the thunder-cloud that enveloped the head of her lord, and she said without trepidation :

"I hope you are not going to be too hard on poor Mr. Usnett."

"Usnett," replied her husband, "has behaved abominably. Behind my back, and without a word to me, he has presumed to humiliate publicly one of my most deserving boys, the victim of a mere coincidence, or, more probably, of a trick of unconscious memory."

"I don't understand this unconscious memory," said Mrs. Tregarras thoughtfully. "Either I remember things or else I forget them. If people can remember things and not remember things at the same time, all I can say is that I don't like them. It doesn't seem to me to be honest."

"But, my dear," protested her husband, "you surely don't think that Lemuel——"

"I think that Mr. Lemuel wants snubbing," said Mrs. Tregarras decisively, "and that Mr. Usnett did it rather nicely."

The discovery that, in the spectre that has filled you with loathing and terror, your nearest and dearest see only a turnip with a candle inside it, has a strangely disconcerting, yet sobering, effect. Dr. Tregarras was disconcerted, but he was also sobered. When the November dawn broke

full of golden promise, he rose, like a phœnix, from the ashes of the evening's fires and the blobs of paraffin with which Mr. Mason had watered them. Instead of sending Mr. Usnett a sword, with the invitation to commit hari-kari, he forwarded what might be described as a rather drastic pill. Mr. Usnett swallowed the pill with something of a wry face. He admitted to himself that he had acted indiscreetly, so he had the less difficulty in admitting it to his chief: and, having brought his subordinate to heel again, Dr. Tregarras passed on to fresh woods and pastures new. So many interests competed for possession of his active mind that he was incapable of becoming the victim of an obsession.

In the summer of the previous year, Dr. Spindelbauer's great work, "The Unconscious Mind in Art," had been followed by the even greater work, "The Unconscious Artist in Every Man," and, at the instigation of Mr. Pinchett, the latest addition to the staff, Dr. Tregarras had invited Gustave Immelbein, a friend and pupil of the great

man, to give a lecture in the Big School. There, on a huge sheet of white canvas, with dreamy eyes and many coloured chalks, accompanied by slow music on a rather cracked piano, Immelbein had expressed his subconscious artistic longings in strange patterns and groupings, which rather shocked the ladies owing to the prevalence of the nude in them. After the lecture, in the privacy of the Grammar House smoking-room, Immelbein incited the Headmaster to try his hand at dream figures. Dr. Tregarras, as we have seen, was something of a poet. In the obituary notice of him, which had recently found its way into the pigeon-holes of the *Mercury* ready for all emergencies, it was written that, " the artist in him was always struggling with the man of action." But, though he knew himself to be a poet, Dr. Tregarras did not profess to be a draughtsman. Always ready, however, to try a new experience, he took some chalks and a sheet of foolscap paper and asked, " What exactly does one have to do ? "

" Relax the tension of your conscious

Immelbein had expressed his subconscious artistic longings in strange patterns & groupings- which rather shocked the ladies owing to the prevalence of the nude in them

mind," said Immelbein ; " gaze dreamfully into space, and let your unguided hand trace what you see there."

So the Headmaster's eyes gazed dreamfully into space, but found, instead, an electric lamp, and his unguided hand traced a series of blotches, blurs, and uncertain lines on the paper before him.

" I am afraid I haven't got the gift," he said, as he surveyed his handiwork.

But Immelbein picked up the drawing and examined it attentively.

" These," he said, " are all symbols of the dawn. There is the dim outline of the horizon ; these dots and scratches are the dappled sky, and this round blur is the disk of the rising sun."

Dr. Tregarras was not only amazed, he was delighted. He regretted that he had not learned of this new and fascinating science in time to make it part of the published curriculum. But it was not too late to do something. Accordingly, in spite of the complaints of Mr. Winthrop that the natural science teaching would suffer an irreparable loss, he decided that, in future,

the last half-hour of every Monday afternoon should be ear-marked for drawing. He was eager to discover which of the boys possessed the gift which had been so unexpectedly revealed in himself. As about this time he was much absent in London, on business connected with the school, he left it to Mr. Pinchett to do the spade work and pick out the boys who would be most likely to benefit by further instruction. To unearth hidden talent was ever the Doctor's ambition.

At first the experiment went rather lamely. Ships, houses, cows, horses and motor cars, all on conventional lines, were the only fruit that rewarded Mr. Pinchett's diligent search. Either the boys found it too difficult to relax the tension of the conscious mind, or else something of the old apprehensiveness that used to hamper the relations between pupils and their masters was exercising its baneful influence. It needed a little encouragement to set the spirit free. And Dr. Tregarras was never slow with encouragement. Addressing the boys one morning after prayers, he exhorted

them to express freely whatever they saw in their mind's eye, sure in his plighted word that no harm would be done to them and no evil thought of them.

After that, things became more lively. One group of seven drawings particularly interested Mr. Pinchett. All seven represented the bearded face of a man; but, whereas in four of them the body was that of a naked man in various attitudes of painful contortion, in the other three it was clearly intended to resemble that of an ape, with a tail and prehensile toes. Two of the drawings bore the legend "Tish," and one "T-n." Unable to decide for himself what exactly their significance might be, Mr. Pinchett sent the pictures to Immelbein with a request for help and guidance. Almost by return of post the answer came back, crisp, lucid and convincing.

"These seven drawings, which I have numbered 1—7, are all the same. In each case the bearded face symbolises the longing of youth for complete manhood. In 1—4, manhood is associated with the free

and gracious activities of mind and body. Tish (the h is purely euphonious) = ' 'tis,' or, ' it is '—that is to say, ' this is my ideal.' In 5—7, manhood is associated with the ape-like qualities which are inherent in the race, and in T-n, the first and last letters of ' towards sin,' the artist has expressed his subconscious conviction that they are degrading. I regard these drawings as eminently typical of adolescence."

It so happened that Mr. Usnett called for some marks, considerably overdue, on the very morning when this memorable reply reached Mr. Pinchett, and he was shown the drawings and their interpretation. He coloured perceptibly and said, " I'm afraid that what these drawings really show is the infinite capacity of boys for making fun of their masters."

" How so ? " asked Mr. Pinchett.

" That," replied Mr. Usnett, pointing to a contorted figure, " is obviously meant for Tupworthy. He does Miller's exercises in his garden, you know ; and the boys call him ' Tish.' "

"And the other?" said the incredulous Mr. Pinchett, "what about the other, this one with T-n?"

"That," replied Mr. Usnett awkwardly, "that is probably meant for some other master in whom they have traced a fancied resemblance to an ape."

Mr. Pinchett was not convinced; but, when doubt has once been sown in an honest mind, it sharpens the faculties of observation; and a picture of the devil with horns and hoofs, with "M-n" written underneath it, together with one of an inflated bag, labelled "gas," and wearing a mortar-board, drove Mr. Pinchett reluctantly to the conclusion that the boys were not taking the experiment seriously. He was a little perplexed as to how he should broach the matter to his chief; but, when Dr. Tregarras eventually sent for him and said, "Well, and how are our young artists progressing? Have you some interesting results to show me?" he contented himself with replying:

"I am afraid the conditions under which the drawing is done are not very favourable.

There have been no results, so far, that have not been obviously conscious."

"Dear, dear!" said the Headmaster, "that is a pity. But we must have faith. We must try again next term."

A few days afterwards, yielding to the complaints of many masters, the Doctor was obliged to send round the following notice to the school :—

"All drawing in chalk on inside or outside walls of any of the school premises is strictly and imperatively forbidden."

CHAPTER XII

FREE INSTITUTIONS

In the following Lent Term, Dr. Tregarras, having nothing else immediately on hand, bethought him of his scheme for self-government, and decided that the time had come to put its later clauses into operation. In a memorandum which he issued on the subject to masters, he wrote as follows :

" After more than a year's experience of self-government in forms and sets—an experience which has fully justified our faith—it has been proposed that we should grapple with the larger issues. On February 15th, Dawnhope will be invited to choose its own executive and legislative council. This, so far as I am aware, is the first serious attempt to introduce the principle of self-government into a public school on any large scale. Every boy, who is also a member of this school, will have one vote. The council to be elected will consist of five

members. The senior member, that is to say, the boy who has received the largest number of votes, will be president of the council, and *ex-officio*, captain of the school. The votes will be recorded in houses, after prayers, on the evening of February 15th, and taken immediately in sealed boxes, provided for the purpose, to the Grammar House, where they will be counted by Mr. Mason, Mr. Parfit and Mr. Pinchett, who have kindly undertaken this responsible task. The result will be announced by the Headmaster in the Big School after prayers on the following morning."

Dr. Tregarras was always under the impression that, when he had once wound up a mechanical toy and set it in motion, it went on running by itself through all eternity. Presumably, therefore, he was not aware that, except in one or two of the lower forms, his form (and set) committees had been still-born. But, even if he had known it, he would not have been disturbed. The larger issues always appealed to him more than the smaller ones.

At the masters' meeting, held to discuss

the scheme, little of interest occurred. In answer to a question, Dr. Tregarras stated that the exact powers of the new council had not yet been defined, but that masters would receive a memorandum on the subject with the briefest possible delay. "In any case," he added, "the Headmaster retains and always will retain, an absolute right of veto."

Mr. Frazer asked what would happen if the boys elected five "utter rotters." Dr. Tregarras smiled indulgently and replied, that he did not think that that was ever likely to happen at Dawnhope. Mr. Usnett suggested that it might be wiser to begin with a more restricted franchise. To him Dr. Tregarras said, "Trust the boys, Usnett, and the boys will trust you." It was in this spirit that he addressed the school. He spoke eloquently of the duties of citizenship and he promised that the elections should be free—no outside interference, no coercion; a free choice in a free school. And it was in the same spirit that he penned a famous message which enriched the English language with a new word,

and shortly afterwards appeared in the quadrangle.

To the Boys of Dawnhope.

In mutual trust
Men must
Build up the fabric of their new estate.
Scoffers may scoff,
But, poff!
We care not for their malice nor their hate.
No, not for them
The New Jerusalem.

Then, having delivered himself of this trumpet call, and partly, perhaps, to avoid any appearance of dictation, he went away for two nights, purporting to return on the afternoon of the fourteenth.

At first, strangely enough, the school were decidedly apathetic. Perhaps they shared the opinion of Mr. Usnett who had said to certain house-masters, trembling for their own prerogatives, "Wait and see. Tregarras's New Jerusalems have a loud bark, but a very timid bite."

Moreover, except in Mr. Usnett's house, which regarded itself as the old aristocracy of the place, the party spirit, which had animated Hoppers and Clodhoppers in the

early days of Dawnhope, had practically died out. A new generation was growing up which had known neither Rimple Rising nor Astley College. Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit were each running candidates of their own—not, of course, by any active propaganda, but by quiet and discreet suggestion. Mr. Mason hoped to secure the election of Lemuel, a boy marked out for honours; Mr. Parfit expected to be able to do the same for Bennet, whom he regarded as the nicest boy in the school and thoughtful beyond his years. Otherwise, there was scarcely a ripple on the quiet surface. A casual observer might have concluded that the boys were building up the fabric of their new estate in mutual trust.

It was Bimbo who first realised the possibilities of an election unhampered by official interference—the free choice in a free school; and the first intimation of his intention to intervene was given in a notice, affixed to the door of the Big School. "Bimbo will address his constituents daily in quad, at 12.30 and 2.30. All are invited to the meeting. No charge for admission. Babies

in arms half-price." This was followed almost immediately by the appearance of several gaily coloured posters, painted by hand and inviting the school to " Vote for Bimbo and the Dawn," " Vote for Bimbo and the New Jerusalem," or, " Vote for Bimbo and poff the scoffers." And when at last Bimbo himself appeared in the quadrangle, arrayed in a grey top hat and a voluminous frock coat, and accompanied by his committee wearing rosettes of the school colours, the whole school and several of the younger masters were dissolved in laughter. With short, pompous steps and a portentously solemn face, he advanced to the packing case which had to serve as a rostrum. Bennet, his chairman, introduced him to the meeting as " our esteemed fellow citizen who is seeking your bally suffrages." Then Bimbo mounted the rostrum, removed his hat, mopped his brow, and began his address. It has been already said that Bimbo was no mean mimic. Mr. Mason, Mr. Parfit and Mr. Tupworthy were amongst his favourite *rôles*, but it was as Dr. Tregarras that he above all excelled,

possibly because the Doctor's flamboyant style lent itself most easily to parody. And it was with the voice and gestures of Dr. Tregarras that he spoke to his first meeting.

"Feller citizens!" he began, "the dawn is breakin'." (Laughter.) "The hungry lion is preparin' for his breakfast of herbs" (roars of laughter), "and if Bimbo is not on the council to look after him there will be no vegetables for dinner." (Loud laughter.) "Feller citizens, I have seen visions and dreamed dreams." (Roars of laughter.) "Joseph knows all about 'em, but they are too shockin' for your young ears." (Laughter and cries of "Oh!") "The form committees were a wash-out." (Groans.) "No, not for them the New Jerusalem." (Hysterical laughter.) "But you are now called upon to exercise in their fullest scope the civic duties which are the birthright of every Briton." (Loud laughter.) "It behoves you" (laughter), "yes, feller citizens, it be'oves yer, to be sober, brave, and far-seeing." (Roars of laughter.) "Above all, it behoves you to return Bimbo at the top of the poll to this council, which is the foundation stone of the

New Jerusalem." (Enthusiastic applause and cheers for Bimbo.)

Bimbo, to use a slang expression, " took on." His meetings were regularly attended by practically the whole of the school. Twice daily the quadrangle echoed to loud cheers and almost louder laughter. The masters were in a quandary. Their chief never encouraged independent action, and he had, moreover, guaranteed the complete freedom of the election. The smaller house-masters urged Mr. Usnett to take some steps to curb the activities of Bimbo. They complained that a disorderly spirit was beginning to show itself in their own houses, and that the habit of mimicry was spreading alarmingly. But Mr. Usnett declined to interfere. He observed that he had burned his fingers once and did not intend to burn them again. Mr. Mason said gloomily to Mr. Parfit that, perhaps, it was all for the best. Bimbo would soon disgust the school with his folly and, when they came to record their votes, the boys would give them to the right people. Meanwhile, the school showed no signs of being disgusted,

and the staff awaited the return of their chief with mingled feelings of anxiety and hope—anxiety as to whether he would cordially approve of their inaction, and hope that, at his appearance, the disorderly manifestations would at once cease.

CHAPTER XIII

CROMWELL

Dr. Tregarras returned to Dawnhope at 2.15 on the afternoon of February 14th, having lunched on the train. He brought with him an American, whose acquaintance he had recently made, a certain Mr. Achilles B. Vandergraft, who was much interested in English methods of education and eager to see the working of free institutions in a public school. A few hurried words from Mr. Mason apprised the Doctor that all was not well in the state of Denmark ; but the presence of Mr. Vandergraft made a more prolonged conversation impossible, and, at 2.35, the Headmaster and his guest entered the quadrangle on their way to visit the school buildings. Bimbo, in the garb of a candidate for Parliamentary honours, and in the tones of the Headmaster of Dawnhope, was just then delighting his customary audience. As the cheers and laughter burst

upon their ears, Mr. Vandergraft said to his companion :

" I guess that orator is stampeding the convention. If you raise no objection, Mr. Headmaster, I'll take two hops across and cock an ear at him."

" Not yet," said Dr. Tregarras hurriedly, laying a detaining hand on the American's shoulder. " I want to show you the chapel first. This way, this way."

At sight of the Headmaster, Bimbo descended rather hurriedly from his perch and the audience melted sheepishly away. Dr. Tregarras knitted his brows, and he knitted them still closer when he caught sight of a gaudy placard on the walls of the school library. He tried to hurry his companion past it, but Mr. Vandergraft came to a dead halt.

" Now that," he said, pointing to the offensive poster, " is a word that we haven't got in our vocabulary on the other side of the ocean. Poff ! I reckon that's in the nature of a swear word ? "

Dr. Tregarras could not very well explain that the exigencies of rhyme had called the

word into existence, so he merely said, " Oh, it's just a local term expressing contempt. This way, this way."

But Mr. Vandergraft did not budge. " I guess I'll make an editorial note of that," he said. " That's a vurry interesting fact to me." And, drawing out his pocket-book, he entered, " School election cries. Vote for Bimbo and poff the scoffers. Poff, a local term implying contempt. Thank *you*," he added, putting back the note-book. " I guess this Mr. Bimbo is some hustler. I should like to shake hands with Mr. Bimbo."

" Not a serious candidate," replied Dr. Tregarras magisterially. " You mustn't take him seriously. We always allow a little license at these general elections. A safety-valve for high spirits, you know. This way, this way."

But Dr. Tregarras was not easy in his mind. That evening at prayers a notice was read out in houses, " All placarding of the walls with election cries, and all public meetings, are strictly and imperatively forbidden." The next morning, too, it was

noticed that the famous message had disappeared from the board in the quadrangle ; and when Mr. Parfit, scenting some act of vandalism, called his chief's attention to the disappearance, he received the curt answer, " Thank you, Parfit, but I am quite aware of the fact."

But Bimbo was not at the end of his resources yet. The elections were still nominally free ; at all events, what was not definitely forbidden was tacitly allowed. It was forbidden to placard the walls of the school, but it was not forbidden to placard the backs of the masters. So argued Bimbo ; and, accordingly, on the following morning, Mr. Tupworthy and Mr. Fairbottle were both met in the quadrangle by a group of boys thirsting for information, and each entered the Big School, almost at the last moment, carrying on his back a poster. The one said, " Vote for Bimbo and the simple life " ; the other, " Vote for Bimbo and capital." As the Headmaster only saw the faces of the two men, he was unable to account for the storm of coughing which ruined the hymn and nearly drowned the prayers.

After breakfast, Mr. Vandergraft renewed his unwelcome request.

"I guess," he said, "I'll just moose around and see if I can't shake hands with this Bimbo. To our way of thinking he's some candidate."

"I am afraid," said Dr. Tregarras, "that that is impossible this morning. He will be busy all the morning with his lessons. And, really, you must not mistake him for a serious candidate. He is, I fear, little better than a buffoon."

However, an American who really wants something is not easily discouraged. At 11.20 Mr. Vandergraft rang Mr. Usnett's bell, only to learn that that gentleman had gone into school. At 11.26 he was seen talking to the school porter, and at 11.31 he was knocking on the door of Mr. Tupworthy's class-room. Mr. Tupworthy's special history class was engaged in an animated dispute with its master as to whether he had, or had not, set any preparation, the master claiming that he had, and the boys stoutly maintaining that he had not. Bimbo was seated on the top of

a bench, with his back to the master's desk, eating a bun and a banana in alternate bites, when he became aware of a tall figure standing in the doorway, and a voice which said :

" Excuse me, Professor, but your janitor told me I should find this Bimbo in your lecture room—the gentleman who seems to be making the principal running in your presidential campaign. I vurry much want to make his acquaintance and shake him by the hand."

Bimbo, who was equal to most occasions, was equal to this ; he advanced across the room with outstretched hand.

" I am Bimbo," he said. " Allow me to welcome a supporter from the great Sister Republic ; and allow me, sir, to introduce you to our respected teacher, Professor Edward Tupworthy, known in sporting circles as Tish, sir ; one of the world's great workers, and England's champion gymnast."

The American bowed affably. " Delighted to make your acquaintance, Professor," he said. " I'm vurry interested in

these elections of yours. We set some store by hustlers where I come from, and I wanted to grasp our mutual friend Bimbo by the hand and hear his views on the political situation."

A conversation ensued, in which Mr. Tupworthy took no part, but which provided Mr. Vandergraft with much interesting material for his note-book. When he had exhausted his curiosity, the American folded up his pocket-book and said :

" Wall, Bimbo, I guess the Professor's just yearning to see my hind-quarters. Your Headmaster isn't building sky-scrapers on your chances of success, but I reckon he's mistaken, and we'll see you roll in on the top of a landslide. If ever you cross the herring-pond, ring me up on the far side. Here's my card—Achilles B. Vandergraft."

" Three cheers for Mr. Vandergraft ! " cried Bimbo.

And amidst this flattering demonstration, which lasted for at least ten minutes after he had been lost to sight, Mr. Vandergraft withdrew.

The votes were duly recorded after prayers in the houses, and the house-masters, feeling a little foolish, carried them in sealed boxes to the Grammar House, where Messrs. Mason, Parfit and Pinchett were waiting to receive them. At 11 o'clock, these three gentlemen entered the Head-master's study with long faces—Mr. Mason, in fact, looked as if he were attending the funeral of his only child—and handed to their chief a paper containing the results of the poll.

Bimbo	207
Baxter	73
Filbert	20
de Clarence. . . .	12
Hipworth	6
Lemuel	3
Bennet	1
Spoiled papers . . .	7

Baxter was the captain of the School XI. and XV.; Filbert was the bottom boy of the school, and generally regarded as half-witted; de Clarence was the acting captain of the school; and Hipworth had been flogged in the previous week for "cutting" six of Mr. Tupworthy's lessons in suc-

cession and forging a "leave of absence" note.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit admitted afterwards that they had never seen their chief so much upset. He gazed at the figures like "one astonied," with round indignant eyes. He did not even bid his dejected followers "have faith!" When at last he spoke, it was to say in a sepulchral voice, "Some enemy hath done this." Nor was the atmosphere of nervous irritation, which pervaded the study, relieved by the sudden intrusion of Mr. Vandergraft, who, snatching up the paper, exclaimed:

"Larrup! Gee-whizz! Huzzah for Bimbo! Some statesman, Bimbo. You have a boy there, Mr. Tregarras, who will be an ornament to this great institootion. I had a talk with Bimbo this morning, sir, and I was vurry highly impressed with his grasp of educational problems."

"There have been some irregularities in the election," said Dr. Tregarras coldly, "and the results will not be announced till further inquiries have been made."

To Dr. Tregarras the society of this

American had become oppressive. His infatuation for Bimbo, and his thirst for precise information, were naturally distasteful to a man who regarded Bimbo as a low buffoon, and dealt habitually in generalities. Moreover, it was impossible to take the steps which the situation demanded until Mr. Vandergraft was out of the way. Accordingly, the Headmaster announced at prayers that the declaration of the poll was postponed, and it was only after he had seen the American safely into the 11 o'clock train for London that he summoned the boys to the Big School and faced the music.

If Dr. Tregarras had been more conversant than he actually was with English history, he might have been tempted to compare himself with Cromwell. Cromwell had invited the nation to provide him with a parliament, and the nation gave him a parliament with which he could not work. But, if the Doctor was not consciously inspired by his great predecessor, he, at all events, dealt with the situation in a truly Cromwellian spirit. With commendable courage and a contumelious lip, he read out

the record of the votes and, when the tumultuous cheering, not unmixed with laughter, had subsided, he went on to say that, in the exercise of his prerogative as Headmaster, he had annulled the elections and intended to appoint a new council chosen by himself. This announcement was received with a demonstration, of a kind to which Dr. Tregarras was not accustomed. There was booing, there were hisses, there was an open display of discontent and disapproval. Dr. Tregarras acted firmly and even drastically. He cancelled the next half-holiday, and he flogged two boys in Mr. Usnett's house for circulating a seditious pamphlet, in which his own actions were criticised. Bimbo, after thoroughly enjoying himself, had wisely retired into private life and stayed there, ready to emerge again at Dawnhope's greatest need. Then, having trampled on his open enemies, the Doctor turned upon Mr. Usnett. He wrote him a six-page letter, in which he rapped him smartly over the knuckles for not holding " the boy Hogge " in check. " A house-master," he said, " is responsible for

the tone and character of the boys in his house. I have had to note, on more than one occasion, a bad spirit in the boys of your house, which acts as a pernicious leaven in the school, thwarting the good and poisoning the springs of life. This must cease."

" Behold," said Mr. Usnett, as he showed the letter to his tutor, " behold how this man seeketh occasion to slay me."

But though, in popular language, Dr. Tregarras " had come a cropper " at Dawnhope, he did not suffer in the estimation of the public. The public lives on phrases, and the phrase had gone round that Dawnhope was not only self-governed, but well governed. Dr. Tregarras enjoyed all the prestige that falls to the successful democrat. Perhaps he had built even more strongly than he imagined. A state that has once been granted a constitution, even though that constitution be afterwards suppressed, is never quite the same as a state that has known nothing but fetters. Among the boys of Dawnhope the memory of the general election was kept green. Gradually they came to believe that they

possessed, and always had possessed, a traditional right to elect by manhood suffrage a council of their own with almost unlimited powers, and that it was only the violence of the Headmaster which had deprived them of their heritage. Under favourable conditions this belief might strike a still deeper root ; it might even, some day, blossom into that fairest flower of liberty—a revolution.

CHAPTER XIV

INSPECTION

When the Summer Term began, fifty boys were waiting for admission to Dawnhope, because the builders had not fulfilled the Headmaster's sanguine expectations, and the new boarding-house was not yet ready for their reception. It was hoped, however, that it would be more or less habitable in July, and it was generally supposed that Mr. Mason would be put in charge of it, though no official announcement had yet been made. If there had been sufficient buildings to accommodate them, the numbers in the school might easily have been doubled, for Dawnhope was becoming as popular with the public as Rimple Rising had been unpopular.

About this time Dr. Tregarras was much away on business connected with the school. He was not the first to discover that a headmaster is a public man as well as a head-

master, but he had discovered it more fully and completely, perhaps, than any of his rivals. He had lectured to mothers on the Influences of the Cradle, to city merchants on the Ethics of Business, and to boiler-makers on the Problems of Labour ; and if neither the mothers nor the city merchants nor the boiler-makers were much wiser after the lecture than they had been before, they felt, at all events, that they had been brought for a moment into contact with a picturesque and interesting personality. His name had been mentioned in connection with a high post in the Ministry of Education, and in the scholastic world, men who had never met him personally, knew of him as the coming headmaster, the Dr. Arnold of the twentieth century. He had been appointed to a prebendal stall at Camelford, his native town ; and the honorary degree of Doctor of Mental Therapeutics had been conferred on him by the University of Manhattan, Pa., U.S.A. More than once, his obituary notice had been fished out of its pigeon-hole in the editorial office of the *Mercury*, to be emended and

brought up to date ; and men, less prejudiced in his favour than Mr. Mason and Mr. Parfit, predicted that he would go far ; for, in the estimation of the public, he combined the three qualities which Englishmen value most, steadfastness, common sense, and an open mind.

While the Headmaster, to use a homely metaphor, was walking as a sandwichman through the streets of the larger world, his subordinates at Dawnhope were awaiting somewhat anxiously the triennial visit of the inspectors. The older hands were rehearsing a few show lessons, which might be switched on at a moment's notice ; others, new to the ordeal, were trying to drill into their boys some scraps of information, which might be flung as dust in the eyes of Rhadamanthus. For an inspection is to the teacher a time of much discomfort. He feels that he is being weighed in the balance before the boys whom he is privileged to teach. From being Lord Chief Justice, he passes to the dock. To betray any sign of nervousness is to invite suspicion. Yet, behind the sunny smile with which he greets

the inquisitor, he knows, and his boys know, that there is a palpitation of the heart. Only a few masters at Dawnhope really enjoyed the experience, the inordinately vain and the abnormally incompetent—the abnormally incompetent because an inspection is one of the rare occasions on which, in face of a common enemy, the boys rally to the support of their masters. They become alert and interested ; they ask intelligent questions ; they have even been known to give intelligent answers. It was while the inspector was in his class-room that Mr. Tupworthy found himself as a teacher.

The inspectors came, and the inspectors went, meagre, sad-eyed men who paced the quadrangle like mutes or talked together in whispers. Mr. Mason had a grievous disappointment. The gentleman told off to attend his showiest lesson withdrew at the end of five minutes, having eaten something the night before which had disagreed with him. Mr. Fairbottle, on the other hand, was much relieved because nobody turned up to hear him discourse on Greek thought.

Inspectors came and
inspectors went. meagre,
sad-eyed men who paced
the quadrangle like mutes or
talked together in whispers

Whether the inspectors really mistook the lath for the iron which it was painted to represent, or whether they were too polite to say what they thought, is a matter of opinion. After all, school inspectors are rather like globe-trotters, and an adroit headmaster can do much to direct their eyes towards the things he wishes them to see, and away from the things which he wishes them not to see. Anyhow, the report, when it came, was a Jacob's blessing, with a few criticisms, but plenty of corn and oil. It was not Dr. Tregarras's custom to publish these reports. He kept them in reserve as a kind of Sibylline books, to which he could appeal in emergencies, in order to support his own views—"the inspectors had recommended this," or "the inspectors had noted that." But he used to cull from their pages certain plums and certain pills, with which he rewarded the deserving or punished the ungodly. These tit-bits, under the heading "Memorabilia," were posted in the common room, and were eagerly scanned by the masters. Mr. Tupworthy's form discipline received a word of praise; Mr. Frazer's was

considered "defective" — the truth, as everybody knew, being that Mr. Frazer had his form so well in hand that he could allow them liberties which might have been fatal in other forms. Mr. Parfit's method of teaching Latin, orally, was held up as a model of its kind, and the "original English" work received unstinted praise. On the other hand, Mr. Usnett's agriculture had a black mark against it. "It appears to be taught," said the report, "without conviction and without any fundamental knowledge of the subject." Mr. Usnett thought of writing to the Headmaster to say that he cordially agreed with the inspectors, and to ask if he might not be allowed, instead, to teach a little history—a subject in which he had attained to some proficiency. But, as he was already engaged in an animated correspondence with Dr. Tregarras on another topic, he forbore.

Mr. Usnett's house had always been a source of grave anxiety to Dr. Tregarras. He felt that his was not the dominating influence within its walls. It had never been leavened by Hampstead or Golder's

Green. It stood like a patch of vigorous thistles in an otherwise well-kept garden. Mr. Usnett's boys affected to regard their own house as something more ancient, more truly representative of the school than the Grammar House itself ; and their invariable success in all inter-house competitions at games, due partly to the possession of Mr. Frazer as a coach, and partly to the presence of a number of stalwart colonials in their ranks, did not tend to lessen the good opinion they had formed of themselves. This athletic supremacy was galling to the rest of the school, but especially galling to the Grammar House. The Grammar House boys had once gone so far as to petition the Headmaster to assign to them an athletic tutor in place either of Mr. Mason or Mr. Parfit, they didn't mind which—a request which, for one dreadful moment, had shaken the great man's belief in the fundamental goodness of human nature. But, although Dr. Tregarras had rejected the proposal with indignation, he himself suffered under the slightly contemptuous attitude which " Usnett's " adopted towards the rest of

the school. The problem before him was, how to bring this relic of Rimple Rising into line with the more humane spirit of Dawnhope. The most obvious solution was to "sack" Mr. Usnett. But, though Mr. Usnett's conduct had often been equivocal, he had never, except on one occasion, done anything that would justify extreme measures; and, on that occasion, the Doctor had failed to press his advantage. But the new boarding-house gave an opening for diplomatic action of which the Headmaster was not slow to avail himself; and one morning, much to his surprise, Mr. Usnett received the following letter from his chief:—

"My Dear Usnett,—I have to-day heard from the contractor that the new house, which I propose to call Tithonus, will definitely be ready on the 1st of September. The problem of this house, with its fifty new boys, all approximately of the same age, has been ever present with me. After long and prayerful thought, I have come to the conclusion that the interests of the school will be best served by a judicious inter-mixture of old and new blood. I pro-

pose, therefore, to select twenty-five of your boys, whose excellent training under yourself will make them a strong nucleus in the building up of the new commonwealth. In return, I intend to assign to your house twenty-five of the newcomers, including some very remarkable boys from the north-western districts of London. I hope that these arrangements will meet with your cordial approval.

"Yours very truly,

"W. TREGARRAS.

"P.S.—I enclose a list of the boys whom I have selected for our new venture."

Needless to say, Mr. Usnett did not cordially approve of the arrangements; but he met guile with guile. He replied that, though he was deeply sensible of the honour conferred on his house, as a modest man he would prefer to share it with the Grammar House and the other houses. He further pointed out that, if most of his leading boys were removed at one fell swoop, he did not think that he would be able to guarantee the tone and character of his house, to which

he knew that the Headmaster attached so much importance.

Dr. Tregarras, whose memory was proverbially short, replied tartly, that the Headmaster, and the Headmaster only, was responsible for the tone and character of the boys at Dawnhope. In the end, after a fierce diplomatic struggle and much correspondence with parents and others, Mr. Usnett had to part with fifteen of his boys, and only succeeded by superhuman exertions in preventing an open mutiny. At the same time it was officially announced that the new house had been assigned to Mr. Bitterwell, an authority on folk songs and a herbalist of some note. The appointment caused considerable surprise on the staff, and Mr. Frazer attempted to see in it a rebuff for Mr. Mason. Mr. Usnett discouraged any such idea.

" The game," he said, " is as clear as such a shady transaction can be. Mason is to be my successor."

This time, however, Mr. Usnett was mistaken. Mr. Mason was, indeed, destined for a post of high honour, but not the particular post which Mr. Usnett feared.

CHAPTER XV

HARVEST DAY

In October, Dr. Tregarras felt himself sure enough of his public to invite a very different kind of inspection from that supplied by the Ministry of Education. For the conventional speech days of the public schools, with their banal list of honours won at the Universities, their prizes, their self-adulation, and their lunches of salmon mayonnaise, the Doctor had the profoundest contempt. "We are here," he said, "to act, not to talk; to work, not to feast." Nor was Dawnhope yet ripe for an official Founder's day. With all his modesty, Dr. Tregarras could not but be aware that he was himself the founder of the school which, in the words of one of his admirers, already quoted, had given a new impetus to education. But a founder cannot inaugurate a ceremony in his own honour. That must be left for a grateful posterity; and Dr.

Tregarras was in no hurry to die. Nor was it of himself that he was mainly thinking. It is true that, as Headmaster, the leading *rôle*, the *rôle* of showman, must inevitably fall upon himself ; but it was the show and not the showman that was to focus the public interest. What he aimed at doing was to draw the curtain on one day in the year, and exhibit to parents, friends, and such representatives of the Press as could be persuaded to attend " the fuller life " at work ; or, to quote his own words, " to slide back a panel in the busy hive, for all to see the bees engaged in their daily activities."

The choice of a fitting name for this unique celebration was a matter of no small difficulty. Dawnday and Hopeday, proposed by Mr. Mason, sounded too much like the name of a firm ; Fullday was too reminiscent of " All Fools' Day," which happened to be the name used for it in private by Mr. Usnett and Mr. Frazer. Finally, from a list of a hundred and twenty suggestions, supplied to him by request, the Headmaster selected his own, " Harvest

Day," as having something of the glamour of poetry about it, and being at the same time more easy to pronounce than "First Fruits Day," which had been his original idea.

It was by no coincidence that, as the date of the annual celebration, he fixed on the 5th of October, the day on which the pink, chocolate and green flag had first been hoisted in the quadrangle, and Dawnhope had risen resplendent upon the ruins of Rimple Rising. But the bitter feelings aroused at that time among the more primitive section of the community were still too recent to make it prudent to emphasise the fact of a re-birth, and all the stress was laid on the daily activities of the prodigy reborn. One of the few inconveniences of fixing the date so early in the term was that little time was given for preparation and rehearsal. But, where there are willing hands, the work prospers. Mr. Winthrop and his band of devoted science masters laboured from dawn till far into the night in the school laboratories, preparing the experiments which were to illustrate the

research work of the school. And so well did they perform their task that more than one of these experiments came off successfully on the appointed day. Professional assistance was obtained from a neighbouring farm to clear up the acre allotted to the agriculturalists. To Mr. Mason's form, and not to Mr. Parfit's, had fallen the proud honour of representing the original English work of the school, and they were busy rehearsing the play of the preceding term, in which critics professed to trace the unconscious inspiration of Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason was, indeed, a busy man; for not only was he in charge of the play, but he was himself taking part in a Morris-dance, traditional in form, but enlivened and brought up to date by some new and topical movements which had been introduced into it. Lemuel was studying Abraham Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg, for recitation in the Big School, while his cousin, Pekah, a young boy of exceptional ability, was being coached by Mr. Fairbottle in a model geography lesson that he was to give in one of the schoolrooms to a carefully selected

class. But perhaps the most interesting section of the "hive" was that labelled "Dawnhope's Contribution to the Needs of Daily Life." There were kidney beans, and seeds, reputed to be those of mustard and cress, from the agricultural acre; finished products from the carpentering shop, of which at least the foundations had been laid by pupils in the school; and a toy aeroplane designed by a boy in Mr. Matterby's house. Besides the experiments already alluded to, the laboratories contributed a greyish powder, called Epsom salts, two grains of which, administered surreptitiously to the Grammar House cat, were said to have caused its instant and tragic demise. There was a collection of original essays on social questions, and Mr. Pinchett was asked to send a selection of the boys' symbolical pictures. As he found some difficulty in making a choice, he substituted a set of drawings lent to him for the purpose by Immelbein.

It is easy to mock; and there was probably a note of mockery in Mr. Usnett's remark to Mr. Tupworthy: "I hope you are going to delight us with an exhibition of

your health-research experiments." But if mockery was his intention, he was abashed by the simple sincerity of the answer. "I am afraid, Usnett," said Mr. Tupworthy sadly, "that you still do not grasp how far removed from athletics proper are the simple exercises in which I indulge. They form part of a rational system of hygiene, and if you will read the little pamphlet I sent you carefully, you will realise that they have to be performed under conditions which make a public performance quite impossible—quite impossible."

On the day preceding Harvest Day, Dr. Tregarras penned a message to the school. It was addressed as usual "To the Boys of Dawnhope," but many thought that, in writing it, the Doctor had an eye on the parents who would read it on the morrow.

"School life and home life are but two aspects of the same thing, two chords in one continuous harmony. The greatest and the least, the champion and the child, all can contribute something towards the fuller life. While the mighty elephant draws logs of teak, the squirrel gathers nuts; while the

A large contingent from Hampstead & Golders Green — followers of the simple life

eagle soars to meet the sun, the dove coos in the woods. In dance and song, in art and science, in labour and in love, let the voice of Dawnhope be heard betimes in the morning."

The 12.15 train from King's Cross has a luncheon car attached to it, so that those of the parents who loved the good things of life could satisfy their craving for solid food, while a large contingent from Hampstead and Golder's Green, followers of the simple life, ate their nuts and bananas in the corridors or compartments. At the junction a large number of charabancs and other vehicles were waiting to convey the visitors in the bright autumn sunshine to the gates of Dawnhope.

It was noticed that very few of Mr. Usnett's parents graced the occasion, and such as came, both by their appearance and their general indifference, struck rather a discordant note among the soberly clad but eager throng. Mr. Hogge, Bimbo's father, created a particularly bad impression by asking the Headmaster for permission to take his boy away for the afternoon for a

drive in a motor car. Six reporters were present, and were treated with that courtesy and consideration which are the characteristic attitude of great schools towards the Press on speech days and similar occasions.

The school and the visitors assembled in the Big School at 2.15. Two of the council were there, but Sir Nathaniel Hammersmith was the guest of the day, a deep thinker but a hesitating speaker. Dr. Tregarras, who scorned conventions and liked to have the last word, after a few brief phrases of welcome and introduction, set Sir Nathaniel at once upon his legs. Owing to some faulty arrangement of the MS. inside his hat, the speaker's opening sentences were not entirely intelligible ; but the reporters understood him to be expressing his sense of privilege at being allowed to address a great school under the eye (or, possibly, ægis) of its great Headmaster. He recovered himself, however, and touched, as all enthusiasts for education must touch, on the lessons of the War. Then, after one unsuccessful attempt, he skipped an illegible paragraph, and got on to the form and set

committees and the freely elected council of five. He congratulated the boys on belonging to the only institution of its kind that possessed political freedom and exercised the franchise. When the immediate shock of surprise was over, the school rose to the occasion and gave the expected applause, thereby relieving their Headmaster from the momentary sense of embarrassment which had followed the first awkward silence. Unused to being cheered, Sir Nathaniel lost his head, abandoned his written notes, and strayed off on to the state of the country, the need for economy and his own services in Parliament. In fact, he became a little tiresome, and there was a general feeling of relief when he sat down. Lemuel swept the audience off its feet by a great rendering of Lincoln's great speech—the famous " Government of the people, by the people, for the people " utterance, which has echoed down through history. When the cheers which greeted this remarkable performance had at last died down, Dr. Tregarras rose, " and in his rising seemed a pillar of state." His theme was " the fuller

life." Sometimes in the homely language that goes straight to the heart of every mother, sometimes in flights of lofty eloquence that made Sir Nathaniel green with envy, and always in tones of deep and earnest conviction, the Headmaster spoke of the fuller life which Dawnhope offered her sons. Ears, whose freshness had never been blunted by thunders from the pulpit, listened eagerly; serious grey eyes under bushy eyebrows followed his every gesture. And when he had concluded, the choir sang an ode, of which Dr. Tregarras had composed the words and Mr. Percy Warble the music. The first verse ran as follows :—

> Where Dawnhope on its eagle perch
> Uplifts above the slumbering plain
> The banner time can never smirch,
> Where no bright colour blends in vain,
> Seek we in calm, seek we in strife,
> The fuller life, the fuller life.

Dr. Tregarras was not quite satisfied with the phrase, "Seek we in strife," but the paucity of obvious rhymes for "life" proved an insurmountable difficulty. An earlier version, "Take we as comrade, wed

as wife," he had, at Mrs. Tregarras's earnest entreaty, rejected as unsuitable for adolescents. Partly owing to the beauty of the words, and partly to the extreme solemnity of the music, the audience were not quite sure whether the ode was a school song or a hymn. They received it, therefore, in respectful silence, and not a few of the parents stood up while it was being sung.

As the room emptied, a mother—and she was typical of many—said to her son :

" I *must* speak to Dr. Tregarras, dear, for a moment and thank him for his heartening words. Where will be the best place to find him ? "

" Oh ! don't worry about Gas-bags, Mum," replied her offspring—and he, too, was typical of many. " Come and see our house, and then we can have a squint at the side-shows ; and after that we'll go and have tea."

" Sinclair, darling," replied the parent, " I wish you wouldn't speak of the Headmaster by that silly name. It isn't respectful, dear, and Mother doesn't like it."

There is no doubt that the reverence in

which their parents held Dr. Tregarras had an unconscious influence on many of the boys. Often, too, although, after the manner of the young, they imitated and parodied their Headmaster's utterances, they were swept along, in spite of themselves, by his real, if turgid, eloquence. And they had other and weighty reasons for standing in considerable awe of him. True, he had a leg that could be pulled. But it was not always easy to find the strings, and "the attempt and not the deed" brought disastrous consequences. For, by one of those strange contradictions which psychologists find difficulty in explaining, Dr. Tregarras, with all his modernism, was in certain moods a firm believer in the rod; and, with his commanding height and wide reach, the rod was a formidable weapon in his hand.

But it was not as the stern Headmaster that Dr. Tregarras showed himself to the world on Harvest Day. A prophet in the Big School, as soon as that serious function was over he became the genial father among his boys. An encouraging spectator at the

side shows, a courteous host while dispensing tea in the big marquee, he was affable and approachable to the humblest or most timid of his parents. Mr. Frazer compared him to a cock in the poultry yard; Mr. Mason to a tame and benevolent eagle among the song-birds. Not gifted with a royal memory for faces, he bridged the gap with a "my dear lady," or "my dear fellow," which left a feeling of friendly intimacy. When parents, friends, and reporters foregathered in the evening mists on the platform of the junction, waiting for the 6.43 train that was to take them back to London, there was a general consensus of opinion that at Dawnhope they had been lifted into a rarer atmosphere; and fathers and mothers alike envied their boys this daily contact with a great mind.

When all was over, and the last lights had gone out in the dormitories, Mr. Mason did not conceal from his chief his personal conviction that Harvest Day had been a great and triumphant success for the new system. And Dr. Tregarras did not contradict him.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REGENT

As far back as August, Dr. Tregarras had received from the Amalgamated Society for the Promotion of the Reform of Education in Secondary Schools (more generally known as the ASPRESS) an invitation to investigate and report on the working of co-education in Canada and the United States of America. He had virtually accepted the offer, but, before the fact could be made public, courtesy required that he should inform the council of his intention, not, of course, the council of boys, but the council of country gentlemen and others, who formed the background of authority at Dawnhope. The council was growing a little restive under the Doctor's habitual disregard of their susceptibilities, and they took no practical interest in the cause of co-education. One of them, a retired solicitor, even went so far as to say that the Headmaster of Dawnhope

received a certain salary for duties performed on the spot, and he did not see how it could be legally earned in Canada and the United States.

But Dr. Tregarras, metaphorically, shook his " free hand " in the faces of the council. Whatever concerned education, he said, concerned Dawnhope. Moreover, his absence for a short while would not be felt. The masters were strong and united, the boys industrious and law-abiding. However, as a concession to prejudice, instead of absenting himself for a whole term, he would start on his journey at the end of November and return by the middle of March. In this way he would miss only a portion of the Advent and Lent Terms, and be away for less than four months altogether. And with this compromise the council had to be content. The secret was well kept. It was not till the beginning of November that Dawnhope learned that its Headmaster was " going West." Dr. Tregarras was fully conscious of the honour that had been conferred upon him, but, with natural modesty, he did not wish to noise it abroad with the

sound of the trumpet. His attitude was rather that of a man who retires for a brief space from public life, to accustom himself to a set of false teeth or to grow a beard. He discouraged any kind of public leave-taking or farewell banquets. "It is not worth while," he said, "I shall be back so soon"; and he did not even leave any explicit instructions as to the powers which his deputy was to wield. There was no official post of second master at Dawnhope; Dr. Tregarras had no affection for titles. But, on the school list, Mr. Usnett's name followed that of the Headmaster, at a decent interval and in smaller letters. Mr. Usnett, however, was tacitly passed over. "If any meetings are necessary," Dr. Tregarras had said, "Mason will take the chair as my representative. Mason will be in charge of the Grammar House. If any house-master has to take exceptional measures, which is most unlikely, let him do so after consulting Mason." Mrs. Tregarras was to accompany her husband; the children were to be sent to an aunt in Bournemouth.

On the last day of November the Doctor

slipped away from the place he loved so well. There were no formal good-byes; but he pinned, with his own hand, a parting message on to the board in the quadrangle:

To the Boys of Dawnhope.
Oceans may sunder, but the spirit binds.

If this message was rather briefer than usual, the reason was, partly that the Doctor's heart was too full to speak, and partly that he was very busy packing.

Mr. Mason accompanied his chief to the station, to see the last of a revered head and to receive his final instructions. As he walked back, those who passed him noticed that his shoulders were slightly bowed, as if, like Atlas, he already felt the weight of the world resting upon them.

Dr. Tregarras was warmly attached to Mr. Mason. He regarded Mr. Mason as one of the most sympathetic souls in England. Mr. Mason had always believed in him; Mr. Mason had always agreed with him. And he firmly believed that the rest of Dawnhope shared his feelings towards Mr. Mason. But, alas! in every small com-

munity, and in most big ones, there are always petty jealousies and private animosities. The mere fact that Mr. Mason enjoyed so fully the confidence of his chief, made others suspicious of his influence. In any personal rebuff they saw the hand of Mr. Mason. And Mr. Mason's manner was not always conciliatory. Mr. Frazer could not stand him; Mr. Parfit distrusted his judgment; Mr. Bitterwell was not on speaking terms with him. In the last case, the quarrel was more professional even than personal. Mr. Bitterwell considered Mr. Mason's "corrantos and levaltos high" a travesty of Morris-dancing, and his renderings of Shakespeare an impertinence. Mr. Mason, on the other hand, when informed of these criticisms, said that Mr. Bitterwell was "an old fogey." The open breach came one day, when Mr. Mason was lecturing to the School Literary Society on Elizabethan Lyrics. Referring to Ariel's song, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," the lecturer had observed, "*That* is not Shakespeare. The old boy would never have written stuff like that;" whereupon

Mr. Bitterwell had risen from his chair and left the room ostentatiously.

It soon became evident that the views which Mr. Mason held about his own status in the community were not the views accepted by his colleagues. They regarded him, in virtue of his position in the Grammar House, as (acting) senior house-master, and their official spokesman, if a spokesman should ever be necessary, after combined deliberation. Mr. Mason, on the contrary, regarded himself as clothed with the imperial purple, or, if we may put it in another way, as a kind of auxiliary cat, called in to prevent the mice from playing while the cat-in-chief was away. At first, common room was inclined to be amused at his officiousness. When Mr. Parfit complained that " that ass Mason " was issuing orders to him, Mr. Parfit, like a *petit-maître*, they smiled and rallied him on having found his master. Even when Mr. Bitterwell was hauled over the coals for allowing a boy in his house to go home for a Sunday without notice to Mr. Mason, it was felt that, though Mason had been absurd, there was an

element of comedy in the situation. But when Mr. Frazer received a written reprimand, sharply worded, for reading "Marmion" to his form at an hour when they should have been writing original English, everybody felt the blow. The wildest of the wild men urged Mr. Frazer to make a firm stand and not to take it "lying down." It was not that they approved of Mr. Frazer's reading "Marmion." Scott's poetry is so reactionary, so ultra-montane, that the boys at Dawnhope were carefully shielded from its pernicious influence. But, if Mr. Mason were allowed to interfere with the prerogatives of form (or set) masters, life would obviously become intolerable. Mr. Frazer needed no urging. He fully intended to make a firm stand, and he expressed himself in this sense to Mr. Usnett.

"One can take things from Gas-bags," he said, "because he's Headmaster; but if this worm, this parasite, this creeping thing, imagines that I am going to lick his dirty boots, he's jolly well mistaken. I'm going to write and give him a piece of my mind."

" Don't do anything so foolish," said Mr. Usnett. " Thank him for his interesting and amusing letter, and say that you will consult the Headmaster about it when he returns. Tregarras loves the appeal to Cæsar."

Having successfully put up the backs of all the masters, Mr. Mason went on to quarrel with the boys.

The council of five at this time consisted of the following boys : McDoughty, from Mr. Cheddar's house ; Haycroft, from Mr. Matterby's ; Sparks, Tinkerton and Lemuel from the Grammar House. Mr. Usnett's had no representative. By the terms of their charter they were empowered, " as representatives of the school to elect their own officers, and to make such regulations as may, from time to time, appear necessary, subject always to the approval of the Headmaster ; and, in his absence, to act on their own initiative." With a vagueness characteristic of some profound thinkers Dr. Tregarras did not state precisely what officers they were to elect, or on what subjects they were to frame regulations. In

practice, as the Headmaster was much away, they soon got into the habit of settling minor matters of detail for themselves, even when he happened to be at Dawnhope. Thus, in the middle of December, after consulting Mr. Frazer, they decided to transfer the Cock House match from Saturday to the preceding Wednesday, as the weather seemed to be threatening a spell of frost; and they posted a notice to this effect in the quadrangle. Mr. Mason promptly annulled the arrangement, because his permission had not been first obtained; and it was only after he had received a formal apology from the council that he consented to allow the match to be played. For a moment the boys had thought of asserting their rights and refusing the apology; but the instinct of obedience was still strong. But they were sore and angry, and they imparted their soreness and their anger to the rest of the school. At a performance of "Candida," on the last night of the term, Mr. Mason was received with storms of hissing, and there were disorderly scenes afterwards in the Grammar House and some of the other

houses. Beds and bedroom crockery were broken, and floors deluged with water. All the masters were glad that the term had come to an end, and everybody hoped that, before another term began, Mr. Mason would have recovered his balance and abated his pretensions.

CHAPTER XVII

REVOLUTION

When the school re-assembled in the middle of January, in unpleasant winter weather, it was noticed that Mr. Usnett was looking far from well. He himself made light of the matter. "A little dyspepsia," he said; "the result of drinking Mason's health too freely at Christmas." But he had a bad colour, and he seemed to be frequently in pain. It was also noticed that Mr. Mason's shoulders had assumed an even sharper curve than before, as if he were more conscious than ever of the weight of the worlds that rested on them. He had reviewed the incidents of the previous term carefully during the holidays, and he was convinced that he had behaved correctly. In every case he had done exactly what Dr. Tregarras would have done himself under the same circumstances. He had studied his chief, as a disciple studies his

master. Nothing but the pure milk of the Tregarras gospel had issued from the cans which had been entrusted to his keeping. What he failed to realise was that an understudy never carries quite the same authority as the principal actor. And so, to use a slang phrase, he put his foot in it again on the very first day of the new term.

Dr. Tregarras would never have passed over in silence the breaches of decorum which had marred the last evening of the Advent Term; Mr. Mason would not pass them over in silence either. Dr. Tregarras would at least have threatened to punish a repetition of the offence; Mr. Mason could do no less. Accordingly, on the first day of the term, and without consulting his colleagues, he reprimanded the school sharply. He told them that they had disgraced themselves, and that, in his person, they had insulted the person of their great Headmaster. "If these discreditable scenes are ever renewed," he said, "it has been decided that the next half-holiday will be stopped."

The boys were cold, and they were still

regretting the end of the holidays ; they had not yet found their feet again, or recovered the corporate spirit. They listened to what Mr. Mason had to say resentfully, but in silence. A fortnight later, however, they had their revenge. The school coal supply was running alarmingly low, and it was impossible for the moment to replenish it. Rigid economy was necessary. In announcing this unpleasant fact to the school, Mr. Mason was unwise enough to indulge in a heavy magisterial jest. " I trust," he said, " that though the temperature in your class-rooms is cool, your enthusiasm for work will remain at boiling point." Immediately a few boys began to roar with laughter ; others tumbled to the situation, and soon the whole school was rocking with a fictitious mirth which did infinite credit to their training as actors.

Mr. Mason was not a humorous man, and, like all unhumorous men, he prided himself on his acute sense of humour. For a moment he was pleased, if a little surprised, by the success of his verbal pleasantry. He smiled affably ; he almost bowed. But he

very soon realised that he was being mocked. He contracted his brows, after the manner of his chief, and made a dignified exit. In the course of the morning he sent round a notice to say that the next half-holiday (Wednesday) was cancelled.

The masters were furious. Wednesday was a half-holiday for them, as well as for the boys. Mason had not consulted them ; Mason had acted *ultra vires ;* Mason was a fool ; they were fed up with Mason. They talked unguardedly and the boys heard them talk. The council posted a notice to say that games would be played on Wednesday as usual. Mr. Mason removed the notice, and threatened to deprive the council of their powers. The situation was extremely grave.

At this precise moment a message arrived from Dr. Tregarras, written from Manhattan University, Pa., U.S.A., and was duly displayed on the appropriate board.

To the Boys of Dawnhope.

I dreamed a dream. And in my dream I saw a golden hive, filled with the hum of busy bees Some were bringing honey to

> the cells, others were ordering the work, and one, aloof in thought, was planning for the future. All were happy, because all were busy, free, and united in the bonds of a common citizenship. And I awoke, and behold! the golden hive was Dawnhope.

"Evidently," said Mr. Frazer to a colleague, as they scanned this cryptic utterance, "evidently they've been doing the old man well at Manhattan, Pa.—champagne, and cock-tails to follow. But if he'd dreamed of a hornets' nest he'd have been nearer the truth."

Wednesday was a day of heavy snowstorms, and no games were possible. When at 3 o'clock the bell rang for afternoon school, a certain number of the masters put on cap and gown and went, grumbling, to their class-rooms. But no boys were there to greet them; they assembled, instead, in the playing fields and the quadrangle and amused themselves with snow-balling. Several windows were broken, and when Mr. Mason came out to quell the mutiny, he was received with such a well-nourished and well-directed fire that he had to retire hastily. Mr. Tupworthy was seen wander-

ing about disconsolately, looking for his special history class; he was captured in the quadrangle, gently rolled in the snow, and returned to the cottage with a beard turned prematurely white. In a word, the school was entirely out of hand.

At prayers on Thursday morning Mr. Mason attempted to say a few words, but was shouted down. He vindicated authority by issuing a notice, during first lesson, to the effect that all half-holidays were cancelled for a month. The notice was everywhere received with groans and ironical cheering, except in those forms where the master was wise enough not to read it out. After breakfast, Bimbo appeared in the quadrangle, wearing the red cap of liberty. Mr. Mason, who was watching from his study window, rushed out and told him to remove at once the offensive head-gear, and to do a thousand lines. Bimbo assumed a tragic attitude, murmured, "*Et tu, Brute,*" and was about to collapse gracefully at the foot of Pompey's statue, when Mr. Mason, losing all self-control, struck him on the face with the flat

of his hand, considerably accelerating his fall. This incident, which was much exaggerated, added fuel to the flames of popular resentment.

At 12.20 Mr. Mason summoned a masters' meeting in the library. Mr. Usnett was not present. He wrote to say that he was laid up by an acute attack of indigestion, and that he counselled moderation. Mr. Mason took the chair, and began by complaining that he was not being supported by his colleagues in his very difficult task.

"Why should we support you?" asked Mr. Frazer bluntly. "You haven't consulted us."

"Surely," said Mr. Mason, in the best Tregarras manner, "surely that is a superfluous question."

"Mason can't discuss first principles," said Mr. Parfit icily.

There was a laugh, and Mr. Frazer asked again:

"Where are your instructions? Who authorised you to act as you have been doing, without a word to us?"

"My instructions," said Mr. Mason,

" were given to me by Dr. Tregarras orally."

Again there was a laugh, led, it was said, by Mr. Parfit, and Mr. Mason, glaring round angrily, asked, " Does anybody dare to doubt my word ? "

" Nobody doubts your word," replied Mr. Bitterwell, " but a good many people doubt your memory. A man who can misunderstand Shakespeare, may easily misunderstand his Headmaster."

" And a man," chimed in Mr. Frazer, " who loses his temper and knocks boys down, can't expect to be followed by any one."

After that there were angry words, and the meeting broke up in confusion, Mr. Tupworthy wandering from group to group and asking, " What is it all about ? What has happened ? "

Having failed with his colleagues, Mr. Mason turned to the council for support. But already it was too late. McDoughty had made a discovery. An Ulsterman by nationality, son and grandson of lawyers, McDoughty was born to lead a constitu-

tional revolution. He had been carefully studying the wording of the charter which established the council of five. The council was empowered to elect its own officers, to frame its own regulations, subject only to the approval of the Headmaster, and to act on its own initiative in his absence. It followed, therefore, according to McDoughty, that, when the Headmaster was away, the council was, *ipso facto*, the supreme authority at Dawnhope, and could, if it so chose, elect its own headmaster. Mr. Mason brushed the argument aside; he had received his instructions direct from the Headmaster. McDoughty challenged him to produce any written evidence to prove that Dr. Tregarras had temporarily resigned his own authority, or abrogated the powers of the council. There could not be two headmasters. In default of such evidence, the powers of the council were valid, and Mr. Mason had been usurping its prerogatives. The strength of McDoughty's position lay in the fact that he really believed what he said, and that there was a certain logic behind it, which

his companions could not see through. In the end, Mr. Mason lost his temper, dismissed the council, and forbade them to see his face again till they came with an apology.

That evening, it became known that Mr. Usnett was suffering from an internal complaint, which necessitated an immediate, though not dangerous, operation. He was to be taken in an ambulance, on the following morning, to a neighbouring hospital. This circumstance gave Mr. Mason an opportunity for committing yet another blunder. The obvious course to take was to put the house tutor in charge during Mr. Usnett's absence. But Mr. Mason cordially disliked Mr. Frazer, and, after the violent scenes of the morning, he would have none of him. Instead, he called in Mr. Tupworthy to fill the gap. As Mr. Tupworthy was the senior master not holding a boarding-house, the step might be regarded as technically correct ; but everybody, even Dr. Tregarras, knew that Mr. Tupworthy was less fitted than anybody else on the staff to cope with rebellious boys. When Mr. Frazer heard

what had been done, he retired to his tent, and stayed there.

At eight in the evening, the council met in McDoughty's study. After the interview with Mr. Mason, Lemuel had resigned his position on the board. Lemuel was an ambitious boy who took long views. It seemed to him that, though he might lose a little momentary popularity, he would ultimately fly higher, if he avoided burning his wings in the candle which Mr. Mason had lit. He did not break with his colleagues. He merely said that the situation had got beyond him, promised his moral support to whatever action they might take, and asked to be allowed to withdraw into private life. The desired permission was graciously accorded. To Haycroft, Sparks, and Tinkerton, McDoughty explained his plan of action. "First," he said, "we must make sure that the whole school is behind us. Usnett's must be represented on the council, or they'll run an opposition show of their own."

"Why not Bimbo?" suggested Sparks.

"Hardly serious enough," said Mc-

Doughty. "All the same though," he added, after a moment's reflection, "Bimbo will do. He'll amuse the mob, and they'll want amusing. Somebody fetch Bimbo."

Bimbo was fetched and duly co-opted to the place vacated by Lemuel. Then McDoughty continued:

"This show has got to be run on constitutional lines. So long as we don't exceed our lawful powers, nobody can lay a hand on us. In accordance with our lawful powers we are going to make our own regulations, that is to say, we are going to run this place in the absence of the Headmaster. Settled. But it's no use being premature. The thing has got to be organised and rehearsed. First there must be a constitutional committee of five in each of the houses in close touch with ourselves. Each of you is responsible for the formation of this committee in his own house, and I'll see to the other houses. Choose reliable men, and swear them to secrecy. Settled. Then there must be a national guard to preserve order. The masters must be protected in the discharge of their lawful duties, or

they'll turn against us. Tupworthy mustn't be rolled in the snow, and windows mustn't be broken. It won't be so amusing, but violence doesn't pay. Three hefty men from each house will do the trick. They will be excused all work, and will patrol the class-rooms where necessary. Tinkerton, you are responsible for organising the national guard, and you will command it in consultation with me. Settled. Then there must be a tribunal to try all offences against the constitution. One member from each of the house committees; and I shall preside. Haycroft, you will be my deputy. Sparks, you will be public prosecutor. The house committees will, each of them, be a court of preliminary inquiry. Settled. The mob won't like it. They will want a rag, and they won't get it. They will grow restive. Bimbo must keep them in a good temper. Bimbo, you are appointed tribune of the people. Settled. It'll take about a week to get the machinery into full working order, and it's no use beginning till it is. But we ought to be ready by Wednesday morning. Till then it's

'as you were.' Mason can do what he likes. We shall have to go into school on Saturday afternoon, which will be a bore; but we shall give an extra half on Monday to make up for it."

"And what about Mason on Wednesday?" asked Tinkerton.

McDoughty explained his plan for dealing with Mr. Mason, and when he had finished the council laughed hilariously. After which the members all took an oath not to betray the secret to any master, and the meeting was adjourned.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RED FLAG

To many of the masters at Dawnhope the events of the next few days were a puzzle. The boys came into school on the Saturday afternoon as though they had been accustomed to do so all their lives. Mr. Mason's admonitions, warnings, and rebukes were listened to without a murmur, without even any shuffling of feet ; and the council had vanished into thin air. In fact, the golden hive seemed full of the hum of busy bees, united in the bonds of a common citizenship. The waves of rebellion, just when they seemed on the point of overwhelming the water-logged ship, had subsided, as if by magic, into a surface of oily smoothness.

" I don't understand it," said Mr. Frazer, in common room, on the Monday morning. " It's quite uncanny. I'm sure there's something going on behind it all that we don't know of. It isn't natural. The whole place is wrop in mystery."

"There *is* something going on," said Mr. Pinchett. "They seem to be rehearsing something. I don't know what it is, and they won't tell me; but there are all sorts of clandestine meetings."

"It may mean nothing," put in Mr. Fairbottle, "but last night I happened to pass through the playing fields at ten o'clock. A number of big boys, I should think about twenty, were marching in regular formation. I asked them what they were doing, and they told me it was a footer practice. I don't know much about football, but it seemed a queer time to choose for a practice."

"Very," said Mr. Frazer dryly.

Mr. Parfit said nothing. He knew that the problem was one which could only be unravelled by the new psychology. He was working out a theory, but he did not wish to divulge it prematurely. As the theory proved to be quite wrong, it was never divulged at all.

But to Mr. Mason there had been no surprise and there was no mystery. The mantle of Elijah had done what the mantle

of Elijah was bound to do. It had parted the waters of Jordan, and he had passed through in safety to the other side. His face had recovered the Olympian look which had momentarily deserted it when the waters, instead of standing in two heaps, seemed determined to make him swim. If the shoulders that bore the weight of the world were still bowed, they seemed to be enjoying the exercise ; and the intense solemnity of his expression was relieved by a glint of conscious triumph. He lost no opportunity of speaking to the school, and his manner was improving. On the Friday he had been like an angry nurse-maid ; on Tuesday he was the heavy father. So complete was his victory that he could afford to be generous. When, after prayers on Wednesday, he advanced to the reading-desk, he meant to announce that there would be a half-holiday that afternoon, and he hoped to elicit a round of applause. "Keep your seats," said Mr. Mason, lifting a dignified hand. "Keep your seats!" repeated Mr. Mason in a louder voice. "Keep your seats!" shouted Mr. Mason, waving both

arms. But with the usual buzz of conversation, without a glance in his direction, without even a conscious smile, the school filed out to their respective class-rooms and left him shouting and gesticulating on the platform. The masters looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

Mr. Mason was dazed, bewildered. He stood for a minute like one turned to stone. Then he recovered himself and, gathering his gown about him, he passed into the quadrangle. The boys, apparently, had all gone into their class-rooms, but on the board, sacred to the lyrical effusions of Dr. Tregarras, a new notice had appeared. Mr. Mason read it with a swimming head and eyes of incredulous horror.

To the Boys of Dawnhope.

In accordance with the powers conferred on them by the Constitution, in the absence of the Headmaster, the Council of Five have taken sole control of the school from 6 a.m. to-day, Wednesday, February 10th. No rules or regulations are valid henceforward that have not obtained their sanction. No notice must be obeyed that does not bear their joint signatures. Life and property

will be respected. Nobody will be interfered with in the discharge of his lawful duties. Work and games will go on as usual, and there will be an extra half-holiday on Monday afternoon. Long live Dawnhope! Long live the Constitution!

(*Signed*) McA. McDOUGHTY (*President*).
T. HAYCROFT.
J. P. SPARKS.
GERALD TINKERTON.
"BIMBO."

Mr. Mason was about to tear down the offensive bull, as Luther had done at Wittenberg, preparatory to burning it publicly, when four stalwart figures, wearing the school rosette and armed with canes, appeared suddenly from behind the pillars of the cloisters.

"You mustn't touch that," said the boy who seemed to be their leader. "Pass along, please."

Mr. Mason gazed at the intruders.

"Why aren't you in school?" he said sharply.

"Pass along, please," replied the leader, and blew a whistle.

Immediately, other stalwart forms appeared from behind pillars and doorways,

and began to converge upon the place where Mr. Mason was standing. Their bearing was so determined that Mr. Mason thought it wiser to "pass on." Instead of entering his class-room, he went into the Grammar House, to think matters over calmly and decide what his chief would do under similar circumstances. On the hall table a letter was waiting for him, marked "Urgent." He opened it and read :—

"DEAR SIR,—In accordance with the powers conferred on them by the Constitution, in the absence of the Headmaster, the Council of Five have placed J. P. Sparks and G. Tinkerton in sole charge of the Grammar House as from 6 a.m., February 10th. You are therefore relieved of all duties and responsibilities connected with that house.

(*Signed*) "McA. McDOUGHTY.
"T. HAYCROFT.
"J. P. SPARKS.
"GERALD TINKERTON.
"'BIMBO.'"

At 2.15 on the same day, the fifteen exiles from Mr. Usnett's marched back in pro-

cession to their old quarters, headed by a comb and kettle band. McDoughty had discouraged the step as unconstitutional; but Usnett's had insisted on it, and the cordial support of Usnett's was necessary for the success of the movement he was directing. So he gave a reluctant consent. Mr. Bitterwell was glad at their departing, for he was afraid of them; and he received the fifteen lads who were at the same time ejected from Mr. Usnett's with open arms. It was generally believed that Mr. Tupworthy was not aware that any change had taken place, especially as, at house roll-calls, the returned *émigrés* answered to the names of the boys they had supplanted.

McDoughty was in favour of leaving Mr. Mason where he was. Officially he had ceased to exist as house-master, and the whereabouts of his bodily presence was of no importance. But Sparks and Tinkerton insisted that his continued residence in the Grammar House was superfluous and a challenge to their own authority. Accordingly, Bimbo undertook to drive him forth with what he called "the plagues of

Egypt." With the active assistance of Mr. Winthrop, who had no idea of the nature of the nefarious scheme he was fathering, but who was always ready to encourage scientific research, two large cylinders of sulphuretted hydrogen gas were prepared at the school laboratories, and let loose on the private side of the Grammar House at the witching hour of midnight. The Grammar House butler said next morning that, if ever the experiment were repeated, he should leave on the spot; and the food was declared to have a nasty taste for several days afterwards. How Mr. Mason fared was not known; but, at all events, he hardened his heart and refused to go. Bimbo therefore decided that he must be afflicted with the plague of darkness. With this object in view, cunning artificers were turned on to tamper with the electric wiring of the Grammar House. They did their work well, too well even. When the shades of night fell, the darkness was complete. Only, there was no land of Goshen. Through some misunderstanding on the part of the craftsmen, or some whim of the electric

current, the bulbs in the boys' studies refused to glow. Israel was smitten together with Pharaoh. After that, the Grammar House vetoed any further miracles, and Mr. Mason was left in undisturbed possession of the Headmaster's private rooms.

For the space of a fortnight he lived a strange life. In his class-room he was treated as he had always been treated. The impositions he set were duly shown up ; the preparation that he demanded was always forthcoming. If he passed a boy in the quadrangle, the boy touched his cap. But whenever he appeared in the Grammar House passages or dormitories, or poked his nose into any forbidden place, he had all the sensation of having put on the ring of Gyges. People gazed through him as if he were not there ; others bumped into him as if they were not aware of his presence. When he spoke, his voice awaked no echo in any human ear ; and whenever, in the exasperation of the moment, he seized some boy and began to shake him, sturdy men, wearing rosettes and armed with canes,

appeared from nowhere and bade him "move on." In the end, tired of beating the air, he acquiesced tacitly in the situation.

The other masters did the same. Some affected not to know what was happening, and turned a blind eye on the vacant places of the national guard in their forms or sets. One, who lectured his form on the dangers of the course they were pursuing, received a note from the council, ordering him to desist, and warning him that, if he abused his position to preach sedition, his class-room would be closed. There was no ragging, not even in school. Never was the school more perfectly disciplined, and never did the machinery of life run more smoothly. Mr. Tupworthy used to say afterwards, "Whatever Mason's faults may be, he is certainly a great organiser."

The only comic relief from the seriousness of life came from Bimbo, and Bimbo was undoubtedly the most popular figure of the revolution. Daily, wearing the red cap of liberty and carrying a red flag, he amused the mob in the quadrangle. Now he was Mr. Mason cancelling half-holidays, now he

was Mr. Mason appealing to the totem of his great chief, or Mr. Mason trying to be facetious, or Mr. Mason trying to look like Jupiter ; but his most popular impersonation was undoubtedly Mr. Mason Morris-dancing. However, with the virtual abdication of Mr. Mason, the fun of Mason-baiting began to pall, and, in spite of Bimbo's efforts, the school was growing restive. The council ruled with a rod of iron. The constitutional tribunal inflicted heavy sentences and for offences which had, hitherto, escaped censure, or been regarded only as a matter between a boy and his master. The national guards were ubiquitous, and they carried canes which hurt. There were murmurs that the council of five were exceeding their powers, and demands for a new council, elected by popular suffrage. Even among the national guards themselves disaffection was making alarming progress. They complained that they were "fed up" with hanging about the quadrangle and doing nothing ; they seldom had an opportunity now of using their canes. There were rumours, too, that a counter-

revolution was impending, not to restore Mason, but to depose the council and set up in its place some more popular form of government. And there were rivalries and jealousies among the supreme five. Haycroft was eager to replace Tinkerton as commander-in-chief of the national guard, and Tinkerton did not wish to be replaced. Sparks clamoured for some post less unpopular than that of public prosecutor, and threatened resignation. McDoughty's face began to wear a troubled expression. He realised that Bimbo was the only member of the council who stood any chance of surviving a general election; therefore, a general election was impossible. He was seriously considering the advisability of organising a secret police, and taking drastic measures to curtail freedom of speech, when, on the evening of February 24th, the news spread through the school like wildfire that Dr. Tregarras had returned to Dawnhope, alone, and nearly three weeks before the appointed time.

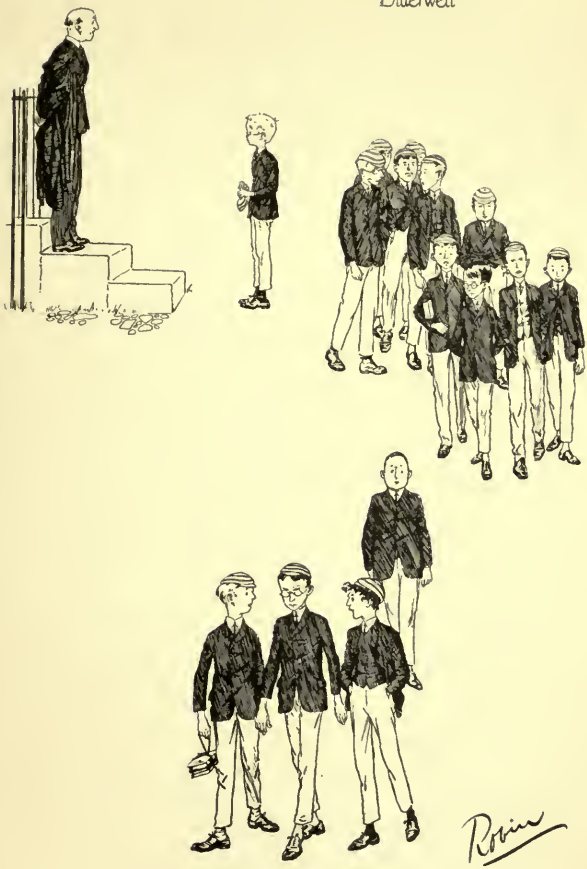
CHAPTER XIX

SAMUEL FINDS

VERY early on the following morning, the fifteen Pilgrim Fathers withdrew from Mr. Usnett's house, with much less noise than that which had heralded their arrival; and shortly afterwards, fifteen remarkable boys from the north-western districts of London bade a sad farewell to Mr. Bitterwell. It is believed that Mr. Tupworthy was never aware of the exchange. At all events, he did not have much time to find out, for the same evening he was replaced by Mr. Frazer and went back with a thankful heart to the cottage.

The Headmaster was closeted all the morning with Mr. Mason, Mr. Parfit, Mr. Frazer, and McDoughty, and there was much coming and going in the precincts of the Grammar House. The boys who had sat on any of the revolutionary committees walked uneasily, like Satan over the burning

Fifteen remarkable boys from the north-western districts of London bade a sad farewell to Mr Bitterwell



marle. Only McDoughty, strong in his sense of constitutional law and logic, maintained an undaunted demeanour.

Meanwhile, Bimbo was preparing for his own funeral. He was leaving anyhow at the end of the term, but he was convinced that his departure would be ante-dated by several weeks. Though he had really taken a less vital part in the drama than his fellow conspirators, his *rôle* had been the most conspicuous, and, as the Moses of the plagues, he was marked out for the vengeance of Pharaoh. He bequeathed the cap of liberty and the red flag to the house library, as memorials of a stirring epoch. He raffled his superfluous possessions among the boys of his house. Then he brushed his holiday clothes carefully, and waited for events.

The school was called together at six o'clock, and assembled in unusual silence. There was no buzz of conversation, no scraping of benches, and the ticking of anxious hearts was almost audible in the hush. Dr. Tregarras was standing alone upon the platform, austere, commanding,

magnificent. His face was grave, but his brows were not contracted. He was, as a matter of fact, enjoying himself immensely. It was noticed that he looked in excellent health—a little fatter, as one who has lived well, and tanned by the cold breezes of the Atlantic. When the silence had become almost painful, he advanced to the reading-desk, flung his mortar-board upon it, and leaning forward, he began in a dramatic whisper : " You know for what purpose I have summoned you to meet me this evening ; you know what I am going to say." Then, after a pause, he struck a note of pathos, and went on, " I have posted back from the far West over leagues of ocean to Dawnhope, to the city of my dreams—and what do I find ? " At this point a new boy at the back of the room burst into sobs, and the committees wriggled uneasily in their seats. Dr. Tregarras did not say exactly what he had found, but he indicated, in a few vague phrases, that it was something very terrible. Then, tossing back his head, as if to shake off the memory of some hideous

nightmare, he said more cheerfully: " But there is a silver lining to the dark cloud; to those who watch and have faith there is always a silver lining." Here the committees assumed a less tense attitude. " In all the welter of strife and discord, discipline has been preserved, unity has been preserved, the sense of citizenship has been preserved. There have been misunderstandings on both sides, regrettable misunderstandings, but, I believe, honest misunderstandings." A sigh of relief from almost every one was audible at this point, and Bimbo muttered, " 'Ear, 'ear." " I propose," continued the Doctor, with a superb gesture, " I propose to pass a sponge over the untidy slate." At this, the school relieved its pent-up feelings in a round of tumultuous applause. When the noise had subsided, Dr. Tregarras leaned forward again and pointed a warning finger at the school. " But," he said impressively, " but, if ever I hear from outside sources any rumours of what has been happening here in my absence, it will become my duty, my painful duty, to institute a fuller inquiry

and to mete out punishment where punishment is due. You can go."

The Doctor had private and particular reasons of his own, which he did not divulge, for wishing to hush up the whole affair, and to prevent gossip from getting busy with so promising a theme. His longing to return to the city of his dreams and to post back thither over leagues of ocean had been quickened by the news, which reached him in Chicago, that Dr. Flaggon had accepted the bishopric of Bolton and was retiring from Chiltern at the end of the current term.

In the early weeks of March Dr. Tregarras was much away on business connected with the school. A friend, who knew him well, said that he was getting into touch again with English thought; another, who knew him better, hinted that he was pulling wires. Perhaps they were both of them right.

Life at Dawnhope had soon recovered its normal aspect, and Mr. Tupworthy's special history class its wonted gaiety. Mr. Frazer had visited Mr. Usnett in hospital, and reported that he was convalescing rapidly

after the operation, and hoped to be back by the end of March. Mrs. Tregarras, who had returned with the children, sent him flowers. "Poor Mr. Usnett," she said, "his sad eyes haunt me. I am sure he must have suffered a great deal of pain." Dr. Tregarras cheered him on his sick bed with the word "Courage!" written on official paper, but with the heading, "To the Boys of Dawnhope," scratched out. Mr. Mason, at first, had an uncomfortable time and seemed depressed. To return to common room, conscious of failure and of the latent hostility of his colleagues, was something of an ordeal even to a man of his tough fibre. But he perked up gradually, as he came to realise that he had in no wise forfeited the confidence of his chief. Dr. Tregarras liked disciples, but he did not like them to be too tall; otherwise, they would have blocked out the view of Dr. Tregarras himself. The foreground, or background, of a picture should never draw the eye away from the principal figures; and it was a positive point in Mr. Mason's favour that he had not put on inches in his chief's

absence. "My dear fellow," said the Doctor kindly, "you mustn't take it so much to heart. We all make mistakes. At your age, I sometimes made mistakes myself. The burden of a place like this is a constant strain on nerve and brain. That you should have stumbled for a moment under the sudden weight is not surprising; it is not even alarming. We must have patience, and above all, we must have faith."

Dr. Tregarras had come back in the most sanguine of moods, and he behaved all round as a *bon prince*. The council of five was not superseded, and even Bimbo was allowed to retain his place on the board. Lemuel, in these days, was one of the few discontented spirits at Dawnhope. He was bitterly regretting lost opportunities.

Dr. Tregarras was delighted with his American experiences. "A wonderful country, Parfit," he said, "a truly wonderful country; a go-ahead country, Parfit; they are leaving us far behind. I had a splendid reception at Manhattan University; a really royal reception. I was

surprised that the *Mercury* took no notice of it. But our Press is very badly served out there. I think they enjoyed my address; yes, I am sure they appreciated my little speech."

After the troubled waters from which they had just escaped, the masters at Dawnhope were all hoping for a long and prosperous voyage through calm seas and under sunny skies, and they were quite unprepared for the bolt which fell suddenly from the blue. With a teachability, rare in governing bodies, the council of Chiltern had learned the lessons of the War, and at the end of March, with only two dissentient voices, they invited Dr. Tregarras to fill the throne vacated by Dr. Flaggon. To the band of earnest men whom the Doctor had gathered round him the news came like a bomb-shell. Some of them, no doubt, would eventually follow their leader to wider spheres of influence at Chiltern. But not even Chiltern was roomy enough to contain them all; and, meanwhile, they would be separated from the man who had been the first to recognise their merits, and

whom they had served so well. "Dawnhope without Tregarras," said Mr. Fairbottle, "will be like dawn without the hope;" and this was felt to express the general sentiment better than Mr. Pinchett's epigram, "Dawnhope without Tregarras will be like hope without a dawn." Mr. Frazer's suggestion that it would be like Rimple Rising without Dawnhope was considered flippant and in bad taste. But whether the morrow was to bring a hopeless dawn or a dawnless hope, the cruel fact remained that Dr. Tregarras was going. Samuel had found; and with a modest blush, Saul rose up from his hiding place and prepared to don his coronation robes.

It was universally admitted that, in his farewell address to the school, the Doctor displayed at their brightest the gifts which had earned him the affectionate sobriquet of "Gas-bags." Like most of his utterances, spoken, typed, or printed, this farewell address would occupy an undue amount of space in a story of this kind. Only a handful of its flowers can be collected here, as a kind of parting posy.

"From a distant citadel the call has reached me, to plant there also the banner of freedom and the flag of progress. To that call I dare not be disobedient. . . . It is not without tears of blood that I quit Dawnhope, the city of my dreams. . . . Yet not in vain have we laboured together, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, in daily touch, and bound together in the bonds of a common citizenship. . . . I leave behind me a fortress, bristling with the fuller life and busy with the hum of golden bees. . . . Alone, but confident and refreshed, I march onward to meet the dawn."

The splendour of Dr. Tregarras's voice and gestures in the pulpit of the chapel was only equalled by the splendour of Bimbo's imitation of them afterwards in the dormitories of Mr. Usnett's house.

CHAPTER XX

VALE ET SALVE

On the last day of the Lent Term, Dr. Tregarras wrote his farewell message to the boys of Dawnhope—a message more eloquent, more touching, in its simple brevity than volumes of rhetoric. It consisted of the single word, "Good-bye."

On the first day of the Summer Term, a new notice board appeared in the great quadrangle of Chiltern, and in the course of the afternoon the boys returning to that ancient school read on it the following greeting from their new Headmaster :—

To the Boys of Chiltern.

In Faith and Trust
We must
Build up the fabric of our new estate.
Laughers may laugh,
But chaff
Is only Malice, foster-child of Hate.
Build we (and laugh at *them*)
The New Jerusalem.

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